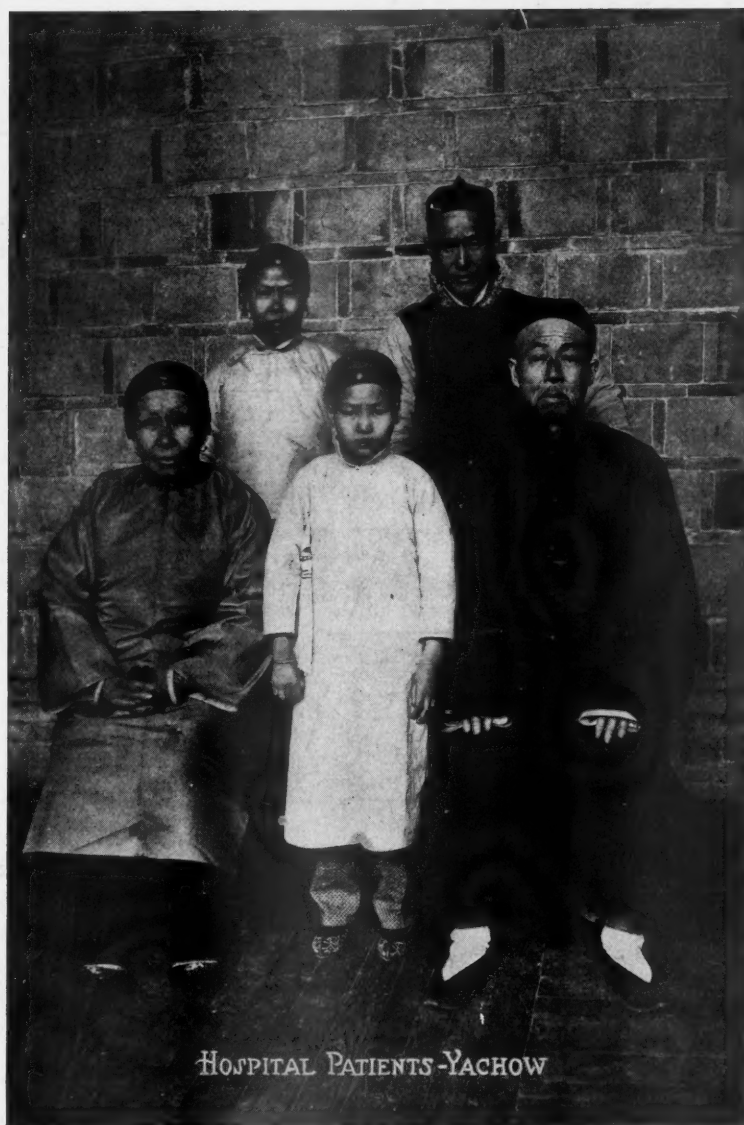


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Jesus said :

**"I am the resurrection and the life. . . .
He that believeth in me shall never die."**

MY THANK-OFFERING CREED

I believe that God is my Heavenly Father
and that I am His child.

I believe that to me — "His mercies are
new every morning," and that — "He
daily loadeth me with benefits."

I believe that in return I should daily
load Him with thanksgiving and prove
my gratitude with Thank-Offerings.

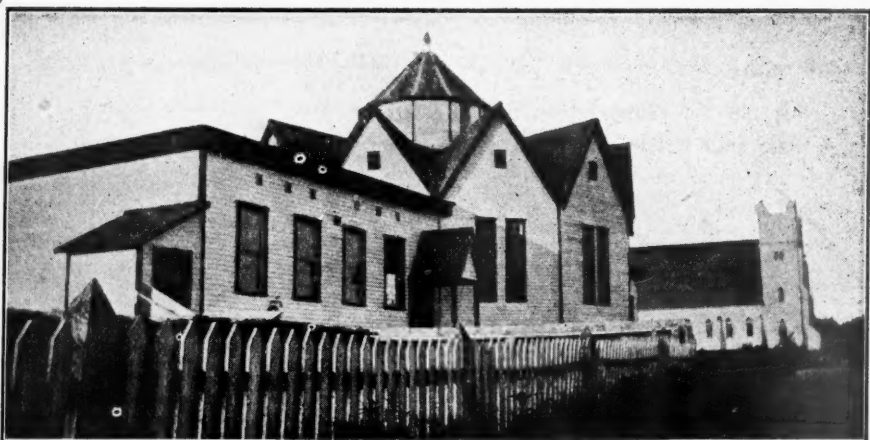
I believe that God has called me to be
a co-worker with Him in bringing
the world to a knowledge of Christ
the Saviour.

I believe that He wants to use my time,
my talents, my prayers, and my means
to this end.

I believe that the Holy Spirit will enable
me to consecrate my all to Him, in
gratitude for what my Lord has done
for me.

Amen and Amen.

**Jesus Christ is the World's Hope
and Assurance of Immortality**



1. A LEADING STRUCTURE IN METLEKATLA, ALASKA. 2. PEDDLING BERRIES. 3. THE
HEXAGON HOUSE (See p. 178)

MISSIONS

VOLUME 9

MARCH, 1918

NUMBER 3

The Laymen's Campaign



LT took holy boldness to launch this Baptist Laymen's Million Dollar Drive in face and on top of the many and continuous appeals of the year — Red Cross, Y. M. and Y. W. C. A., Liberty Bonds, Relief Committees, and all the rest.

But the Baptist Laymen were confronted with a Condition and a Challenge.

It was either Denominational Support or Surrender.

Surrender is not a familiar word in the Baptist lexicon, if indeed it can be found there. John Bunyan did not know it. Roger Williams did not seem to recognize it. Obadiah Holmes could not spell it.

The Baptist fathers knew how to Give, but not how to Give Up.

That is the way with the Baptist Laymen of today — they are going to Give, but never going to Give Up.

The first Give will be the Million Dollars for the support of all our imperiled work, on the Mission Fields at home and abroad which we have established and must maintain unless we are willing to eliminate the word Honor from our vocabulary and substitute that word Surrender. Unanimous vote No to that proposition!

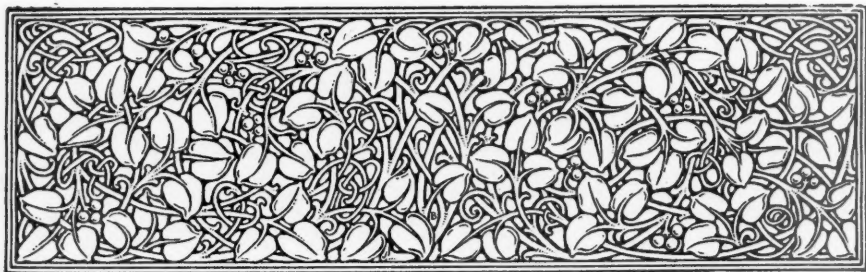
This Million Dollar Give includes our war work, which is not only not duplicating any other work for our soldier and sailor boys, but must be done by us if we are to hold our place as a self-respecting denomination among the religious bodies of the nation. As it is, the amount we have asked for puts us at about the bottom of the list of the larger denominations — only one of them as large numerically as our own.

Of course we are not doing because others do, but because it is our own part of the great task growing out of the present conditions. But it is well to realize what our fair share of the burden is, and that is revealed by what the others fix as their standard.

This first Fig Give of the Laymen — an above and extra, remember, not to touch or interfere with the regular giving of the churches — will be in itself an Educational as well as a Financial Drive. It will be the beginning of a Larger Day for us. It will show that we realize that the War is bound to change the face of civilization; that we are measuring up to the new and higher standards, or at least being willing to learn and then act according to new light.

This Million Dollar Drive of the last week of this month of March will make this period in our history lastingly memorable as that of the Baptist

“FORWARD MARCH!”



The Laymen's Drive

BY W. P. LOVETT

THE ten weeks' drive of Northern Baptist Laymen bids fair to be one of the great and meaningful achievements of our denomination in this momentous age of the world. Prompt, enthusiastic replies to the appeal issued by the National Campaign Committee came from all parts of the land.

Headquarters were opened by the Committee in the Fifth Avenue Building, New York City. Mr. F. W. Ayer of Philadelphia is a great leader. His inspiring personality evokes the fullest co-operation of everybody. He and Dr. F. P. Haggard, who accepted the task of campaign director unanimously urged upon him at Chicago, were temporarily and in part released from other duties and immediately began working day and night. Mr. Ayer is chairman and Mr. Ambrose Swasey of Cleveland is treasurer of the National Committee. Other members are Henry Bond, Vermont; Pres. E. B. Bryan, New York; Prof. Ernest D. Burton, Chicago; Judge Edward S. Clinch, New York; George W. Coleman, Boston, President of the Northern Baptist Convention; D. G. Garabrant, New Jersey; Col. Edward H. Haskell, Boston; James C. Colgate, Wallace Buttrick, New York; E. J. Lindsay, Milwaukee; J. A. McDermott, Kansas; Andrew McLeish, Chicago; Gov. Carl E. Milliken, Maine; and D. C. Shull, Iowa.

The purpose of the enterprise is to get the denomination more fully under its own peculiar burdens in this time of war; to stir our people to sacrifice by a campaign of publicity and education;

to speed up all existing agencies of our world-wide work; to widen the spiritual horizon and deepen the Christian connections of all our people; and to furnish expression in proof of our patriotic loyalty and religious fervor, by securing the cash sum of \$1,000,000 before March 31, in addition to and apart from all other sums apportioned for the needs of the current year.

How is this task to be accomplished? By the organized co-operation of our people. Realizing the necessity of careful planning and prompt united action the National Committee, authorized by the Chicago Conference of January 11, began its work according to instructions there given. The plan will be worked out in every state, with special attention to organization and publicity.

Organization. The National Committee will have general direction of the campaign. The personnel of state committees is now practically complete. Each state committee has a chairman, campaign director, treasurer, publicity manager, and as many other members as may be deemed necessary. These committees consist largely of laymen, with state and district secretaries consulting.

It is expected that a close relationship will be maintained between state committees and state and district secretaries, in the interests of efficiency. Each state committee will organize a committee in such association so far as practicable, and thus plan to reach every community and church.

Publicity. By voice and printed page

NOW IS THE TIME TO THINK IN MILLION DOLLAR TERMS

an educational propaganda is going out to every man and woman in our area. National, state and local publicity workers will carry the message to the entire country. One feature will be 100,000 speeches by laymen to 100,000 audiences. Five-minute talks on all possible occasions will be made by several thousand speakers. State and association committees will arrange group and local conferences in as many communities and churches as possible. Opportunity will be given for questions, and for full explanation of the meaning of the big project.

Advertisements will be published in the denominational press. Posters will be displayed in the churches. Leaflets giving facts will be circulated. Continuous publicity will be cultivated, to stir all our people to the tremendous significance of the present perilous and opportune epoch in our Christian history.

Such a vast, brief, monumental movement—literally a mobilization of our whole constituency—cannot succeed unless we have (1) co-operation among all our forces; (2) volunteer service from thousands of loyal workers; (3) strong leadership in national, state and associational units.

Such leadership for the nation seems to have been granted providentially, first, in Mr. Ayer, chairman of the committee; second, in Mr. Swasey, the treasurer, and the other members of the committee; and third, in Dr. Fred P. Haggard, for twenty-four years connected with American Baptist foreign missionary enterprises, as a missionary or other representative of our Foreign Society. This adds a fourth job to the burdens already borne by the man who for sixteen years held various honored positions with our Foreign Society in Boston and who for seven years

was its Home Secretary. He remains a secretary of the Laymen's Missionary Movement for the United States and Canada, publicity secretary of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, and editor of *Men and Missions*. During 1916 he represented the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. in Russia, having charge of work in prison camps.

You can help in this great work for Christ! Volunteers are wanted—must be had—in every state. Write to your national or state headquarters, suggesting where you would be glad to serve. It is not too late. *Enlist! Do it Now!*

"*Internationalism*" is in the air. In Russia and other lands, frequently in America, the worldwide horizon of fraternity is upheld as an ideal. But too often it is corrupted or limited by political, economic or other material definitions. No internationalism can avail permanent good to mankind which is not directed, restrained, interpreted, and molded by the internationalism of the worldwide Gospel of Christ.

The Iron Cross and its spirit must give way to the Cross of Calvary! "The Great Commission" of Jesus is the world's great need today. This is our Baptist call to arms!

Democracy is on trial. The American Government is now adopting new methods of functioning, to get results in a time of world crisis. Baptist democracy likewise is on trial. Shall we be overcome in this universal, international upheaval? Or shall we stand up bravely to the tasks of today, present to our Lord the "living sacrifice" which is ours to give, and, a united army, go "over the top" March 31 to full victory?

WHAT DO YOU SAY?

WHAT WILL YOU DO?



SELLING TO THE TOURISTS AT METLEKATLA, ALASKA

The Little Father of the Alaska Wild

BY FELIX J. KOCH

*THE WONDER STORY OF "FATHER" DUNCAN,
WHO TAMED THE MAN-EATERS OF METLEKATLA*

THRILLING? Well if, in your maturer years, you are able again to bring back to mind the wondrous thrills that surged up and down your spine as you read DeFoe's own account of Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday in your childhood, you may have some sort of faint idea of what it means to stand in the quaint old mission church at Metlekatla in Alaska, and hear old "Father" Duncan, as he is always called, tell how the big fight was won.

Metlekatla is a coast town, engaged very largely today in the catching and canning of salmon.

Neat frame homes, tenanted by Indians all, are built alongside the walk that leads in from the wharves and quays. Off from these a bit is the cannery, of most modern sort; on beyond, other buildings seem to belie the fact that this is a settlement of red men, but late redeemed from wildest savagery.

It is only when one hearkens to Duncan, as he tells the tale, and then strolls forth to view the changes time has wrought, that one can appreciate what a wonder-world it is and what it is that Duncan did here.

"It was all forest hereabouts when we came," he states, — while the Indians

within ear-shot stop from offering baskets — wee totems — to sell, and listen proudly.

"My early life," he continues, as in reverie, "was eventful indeed. It might be said to have taken its real start in 1857, when I landed at Victoria. The few people there at that time were representatives of the Hudson Bay Company; they had a fort there and it served as refuge for perhaps 150 persons in all.

"The Governor of this place was a good man; but, learning my errand, that of missionary to the wild, — he was sorely perplexed over me. He claimed it was not safe for me to venture out among the Indians there; he was most eager that I should change my plans and stay at either Victoria or Wrangell. If I did this, he would help me out, should occasion arise for my needing aid. Did I persist in going on, among the Indians of the North, my life would be unsafe, he emphasized; — what is more, he could not protect me there, — for folk at the fort could not risk incurring the enmity of the Indians by a rescue.

"On the other hand, I wanted to reach this very place; just because of the low state of these Indians. Their degradation was such I scarcely dare tell of it.

"We came to deadlock as result, I

wanting to go—the Governor firm in having to throw off responsibility if I went. By and by, very luckily, the commandant of the man-of-war bringing me there entered into the breach. He admired what he called my ‘pluck’ and so, when he found the governor of Victoria obdurate, he told this one that he must either let me come, or else the ship would return me to England, since it was evident I would find little to do if I stayed only there.

“The Governor and the Admiral all but quarreled over it, but it all ended by the Governor finally saying that, as I was the party most concerned, I should be the one to decide. I signed a paper releasing the government of responsibility for my act and, in brief, I went.

“I set out for Fort Simpson as my first seat of labors;—I had intended going there and there I would go unless ordered otherwise by the Church Missionary Society sending me;—and, incidentally, it took nearly a year, in those times to hear from home. And now, of course, I went!

“I stayed at the fort until I learned the language of the nearby Indians; then

assumed the actual risk. What it meant to go among these folk was being impressed on me with greater strength almost hourly. Already on my way to the Fort I was horrified by the sights come upon. At one place a fight had occurred among some Indians and the victors deliberately cut the remains of the vanquished into pieces and threw them about on the beach.

“The very day of our arrival we had hardly docked and strolled ashore when the captain of the boat came to tell me that this day there would be the wanton killing of a slave for substantially no cause at all. He suggested that I try to stop this; but I did not yet know the Indian language fully and so could only try. I started out, but he called me back until he could get more facts of the matter to hand, and, when,—come noon,—we were prepared to act, a steward rushed in to announce that the murder was done!

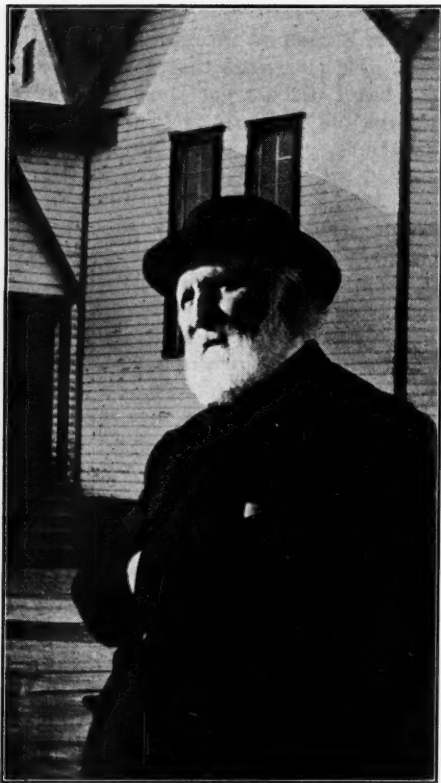
“From this first impression it wasn’t long before we came to a stockade 20 to 30 feet high and found, within, the bodies of two or three Indians of another nearby tribe, who were called ‘the Cannibals’; since it was believed that they ate human flesh. Even as we looked about, suddenly,



LOADING AT THE SALMONRY

from the stockade, two bands of Indians came, 15 to 20 men in each and headed by a nude red-skin with fierce-looking face and flying hair. The companies rushed to the beach and into the sea. There they seized the body of a woman, — fresh-killed just to aggrandize a chieftain's daughter who had, that day, taken on new rank and so required that fresh sacrifices be made.

"Behind this vanguard there came a



MISSIONARY DUNCAN

party of five or six hundred Indians, in short divisions. These redivided and then, taking turns, proceeded to devour half the body of the victim. The Indians were nude, all of them, and the hideousness of the spectacle presented was increased by their separating a dozen yards, each from the next, then stopping from their feast to shriek and emit other inhuman noises. Half an hour after our approach not a vestige of the body remained.

"A little later these same bands managed to make way with a good-sized boy, devouring him completely as well.

"I found, however, that I could do little good here till I'd mastered the language of the tribe and so set myself to getting it well. How I really acquired it may be interesting at this time: It was through mere acting words; for there was no one to teach me—no white man, that is. The captain of the man-of-war managed to find for me a brainy Indian in the lot. The fellow had been a murderer, he was a great scamp; but I wanted brains more than character then.

"I would act words,—such as TRY, for I could not ask him what they were in his language. Instead, I got a slate and wrote his name—CLARK. Then I would point to him and say, "Now you TRY!"

"Then I took his hand and pushed the pencil and repeated, YOU TRY. Suddenly he called, TUPONAH—i. e., I TRY, and he made a move at it. As a result, I knew what he said.

"I then tried to lift things, and so on, in order to get their words. I managed to get 1,500 words and 1,100 sentences in a year. Then I looked into the language to see how it was formed."

Father Duncan again rolled his hands after a peculiar fashion all his own.

"That is sixty years ago now; it was thirty that we were here,—about as long since we left the other side the bay last Sabbath day."

Having acquired their language, Mr. Duncan's work of establishing himself in the good graces of the red men,—winning them to Christ, went quickly on. Space forbids one's entering on the long story here; suffice there is one phase even more thrilling than the rest.

"The Indians," he states, "once I'd got well established, I found to have great thirst for liquor, drinking it in ways that were exceptionally bad. They had a custom of buying this liquor from schooners, or sloops, and this, then, by the barrel. Each man would buy a barrel, open his of a given day and that day giving it free to all, as part of a feast to which he was host. All present were virtually forced to imbibe and the feast ended in all being drunk. What was more, once they had reached this



A LITTLE STREET AND SOME TYPICAL ALASKAN GIRLS

stage they would usually enter upon a free-for-all fight.

"Naturally, I soon took up the cudgels against this.

"I believed in fighting the war from the source; — to wit, attacking the sellers of the wares. The first man I stopped was a fellow named Kasan, who had come from Russia to sell his liquor. I saw him coming up the harbor, so I called to my folk and told them to stand on the beach while I went out to see if he had liquor. I boarded the ship and asked as to his cargo. He told me I had no legal authority to do this. My answer was that if he tried to land that liquor I'd run up a handkerchief and my Indians would board him and tear his men to pieces; for I'd shown them what evil there was in liquor at heart. He knew that I meant what I said and he was forced to yield.

"That was the start of this reformation of the Indians. The governor heard of this and sent me powers of a commissioner of the peace. After that I took and searched ships by law.

"One time a smuggler shot two of my native constables; so I went on the war-path. I followed the ship to Victoria and there it went aground. One man was captured by us, while the ship we burnt on the beach. The skipper was arrested finally and fined \$500.

"Six years in all we fought the fight. Now you can't get a bottle of whisky within six hundred miles."

But those are but the high points of the story.

Having conquered the demon — drink, having taught the Indians to depart from man-eating, to show more mercy to their foes, — Duncan set himself to introducing the arts of peace beside.

Modern building, modern garbing, modern industry, came in, and, today, to walk through the wee Alaskan town, to see the men in the salmonry, the women selling baskets, at the loom, makes it difficult, indeed, to fancy these just descended of the folk with whom Duncan waged his conflict of old.

BAPTIST LAYMEN HAVE WANTED A BIG TASK — HERE IT IS



Why an Extra Million?

BY FRED P. HAGGARD, D.D.

This is a natural question and deserves a clear, frank and satisfactory answer:

1. Detailed statements are available for each item, but the following summary will give "first-aid" to inquirers who have not realized that the World War affects every form of Christian Activity. The money is imperatively needed:

- (1) To meet greatly increased general cost of doing mission work; for example, simply to maintain missionaries, salaries, lessened because of depreciated currency in foreign lands.
- (2) To make up known shrinkage in certain items of income.
- (3) To cover probable diminution in receipts from legacies.
- (4) To supply the full amount promised this year to aged and infirm ministers and others who share in the Ministers' and Missionaries' Benefit Fund.
- (5) To provide for expenses involved in caring for our Baptist soldier boys of the cantonments. This work in no wise duplicates that of the Young Men's Christian Association (which urges this obligation upon us) or of other denominations. There is the closest cooperation between the evangelical denominations in this vitally important and successful enterprise. One hundred fifty thousand dollars is required this year. Presbyterians and Episcopalians are each raising \$500,000 for the same kind of work.
- (6) To prevent debt on any portion or phase of our denominational work. Eventually we shall have to pay it all. If so, why not now?
- (7) To maintain all our work without diminution, at this time of times, when the world needs all that Christian forces can supply. Patriotism demands that we keep our home fires burning and all our missionary and educational enterprises at par.

2. To cover the above will require \$801,241.00 more than was given by Churches, Sunday Schools, Young People's Societies and Woman's Societies last year. This amount is necessary to meet in full actual obligations incurred by the organization of the denomination under definite authorization of the Northern Baptist Convention.

3. The remainder of the Million, \$198,759.00 is imperatively needed for work closely related to that now under way and to conserve what we already have accomplished. It may well form the beginning of a fund for work that must be undertaken.

4. The Scripture passage which appears on the stationary and literature of the National Committee: "The Love of Christ Constraineth Us," contains sufficient motive to "constrain" the denomination to meet so obvious an obligation as that set forth in this statement of needs.

5. For these and other reasons the laymen, in their Cleveland Conference and again in their Chicago meeting January 11, expressed their determination to "go over the top" and raise at least a full extra million dollars by March 31.

6. One million dollars is called for because the needs of *seven* important organizations are involved. The entire work and the good name of the denomination are at stake. The kingdom of God claims our best gifts.

The women are in it. Too long have the women been compelled to lead in missionary education and the display of missionary enthusiasm. This is the laymen's opportunity to "help those women."

OTHER QUESTIONS ARE BEING ASKED

"Why should Baptists undertake anything special at this time?"

"Why should we not turn all our energy and money to the Young Men's Christian Association, the Red Cross and other agencies that are not sectarian?"

Those who ask these questions do not realize what is involved. In the first place nothing special is being undertaken, save the war work which we cannot fail to do and maintain our self-respect as a Christian denomination. We have certain established enterprises that require additional money because of war conditions. Surely no one would advocate that we give up our great missionary and educational enterprises or even permit them to be seriously embarrassed. There would be no economy in such a course; worse than that, it would be disastrous to the work, traitorous to the Kingdom of God and actually unpatriotic, since the government desires that all religious agencies shall be maintained as strongly as possible. "Keep the home fires burning."

Furthermore the obligations represented by the money called for are morally and legally binding. We cannot escape them if we would. To give to other agencies *instead* of our own would be contrary to sound judgment and good statesmanship. We must give to other causes *and* to our own.

It is important that we get the situation clearly before us and realize that while caring for other things we must also maintain those great trusts that have been purchased at such great cost of money and of life. We are still Baptists and are not ready to say that we shall go out of business even temporarily on account of so great a disturbance as the war.

Headquarters National Committee Northern Baptist Laymen, 1205 Fifth Avenue Building, New York City, February 6, 1918.

MILLIONS OF MEN FOR A MILLION OF MONEY — OUR DRIVE

The Educational Propaganda

The conference held in the Fifth Avenue Building on Friday, February 1st, proved inspiring in every way. The spirit of consecration manifested in every detail of the meeting was the best evidence that success will crown our efforts.

Mr. F. W. Ayer, Chairman, referring to the fact that it was proposed to use \$150,000 for war work, said he wished to call the attention of the visiting brethren to "the littleness of the whole question." Then he asked these pertinent queries: "How many secretaries could be employed by the expenditure of this sum?" "How many buildings can be built for \$150,000?" "How many pastors would it take care of?" If there are any Baptists in doubt as to the wisdom of this allotment, they should ponder on these queries, and, as Mr. Ayer remarked, they will realize the "littleness" of the allotment.

That it is not a difficult proposition to raise even a million dollars was also brought out by Mr. Ayer, when he said:

"It is just as easy to raise one million dollars as it is to raise eight hundred thousand dollars."

The delegates expressed their approval of this statement by applause. Then he went on to say: "This is a big job, but I want the Baptists to have a larger view, a vision of big things for the future." And with the leadership of the committee the Baptists are already getting that larger view and are cooperating to make the "drive" a success.

Another point mentioned by Mr. Ayer was that the splendid spirit of consecration so manifest at the first conference of a few laymen had spread until the committee had been organized to take up the work. He also said he felt it would be a good thing for the state organizations to be perpetuated for still greater work in the future.

This is an admirable suggestion, and should have the prayerful consideration of the leading Baptists in each State. Once having taken the forward step we cannot afford to go backward nor allow the interest to flag.

In acting as chairman of the conference

Dr. Haggard gave the delegates much to think about in his talk on the word "boldness." He showed that the different phases of the campaign should be undertaken with "boldness," yet always with the display of tact and judgment. He explained how the Baptist war work would not interfere in any way with the work of the Young Men's Christian Association; on the other hand the Association urges us to do this work.

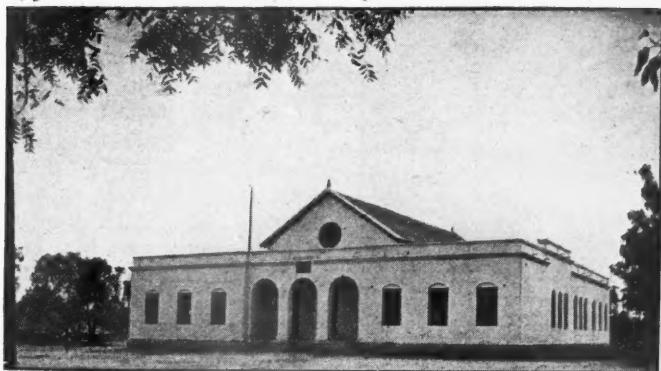
Inspiring messages were brought from the different states by H. M. Fillebrown of Rhode Island, Rev. A. B. Coates of Connecticut, Rev. Thomas P. Holloway of Delaware, Rev. C. E. Whittemore of Maine, Col. Edward H. Haskell of Massachusetts, Rev. W. A. Davison of Vermont, Rev. D. S. Jenks of New Hampshire, Rev. C. P. Newton of New Jersey. Dr. H. F. Stilwell told in graphic language about his work at the big army camps.

In spite of the coldest day of the year, prominent Baptist laymen of Massachusetts met at Boston, February 5th, and perfected their organization, with Col. Edward H. Haskell as chairman. He proposes to give a large amount of his time to this work, and will have the aid of a local campaign director. General Campaign Director Haggard met with the conference. There promises to be an enthusiastic response in the "Old Bay State."

Mr. Ayer, Chairman of the National Committee, journeyed to Chicago to attend the conference of the Illinois Committee on Thursday, February 7th. Others on the program with him included Frank H. Burt, President of the Y. M. C. College, Chicago; Dr. Carl D. Case, pastor-elect of the First Baptist Church of Oak Park, Illinois, and Edgar F. Olson, cashier of the Franklin Trust and Savings Bank, Chicago.

Thus the plans were being laid in the various states for a vigorous educational campaign, leading up to the last week of March, which is to be reserved for the Baptist Laymen's Million Dollar Drive.

**TO THINK LARGE THINGS IS
TO DO LARGE THINGS**



THE NEW SCHOOL BUILDING, BAPATLA

Things as They Are in Bapatla

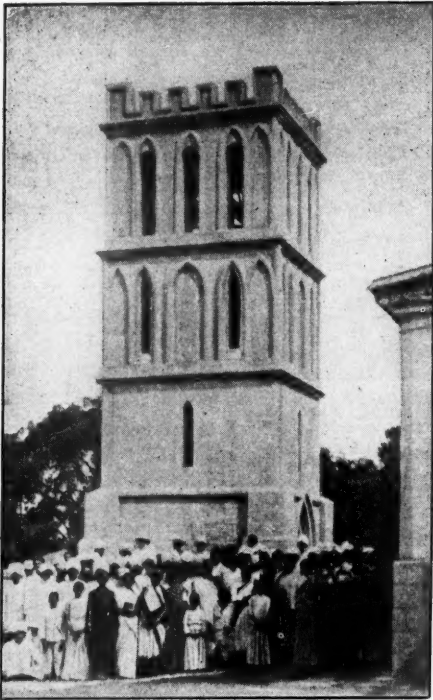
BY A BRITISH SOLDIER

I
A HOLIDAY at Bapatla! Any one living in Madras would laugh at the idea of a holiday in Bapatla. You would too if you knew of its desolation, its sandy wastes, its temperature, etc. Soon after I came here we experienced a bread famine, as the only baker had gone on a strike. The only vegetables to be had were those of Indian variety, and fruit of any kind could not be procured at any price. No, Bapatla is not exactly a pleasure resort, and yet I am at the end of one of the most pleasant holidays I have ever had. After all, it is not always the natural beauty of a place that makes a stay there pleasant. If the associations are out of tune, everything else is out of tune. The associations connected with Bapatla are such as to make a stay there pleasant for any one who loves the Lord Jesus and is interested in His work. It is, as you probably know, the centre of a part of the Ongole field traveled over by that "fisher of men," Dr. Clough. Today it represents one of the most successful features of American missionary effort in India, and the report of its splendid Teachers' Training Institution, and of the recent spiritual awakening, resulting in the baptism in one year of 1,045 believers, in the district of which Bapatla is the center, has gone far abroad, beyond the limits of Hindustan.

One of the first noticeable features of the work, under the supervision of Rev. and Mrs. G. N. Thomssen, is the organized system under which everything is done. In these days of organized disorganization, it is refreshing to come across a work where organized success is evident.

One is awakened each morning at day-break by the clanging of a gong calling the students to the realization that another day has dawned upon them, and that before they can breakfast, grain has to be pounded, and water to cook it in, drawn from the well. Sleepy-eyed boys are soon moving about at their various duties, and when, an hour later, another chiming is sounded on the piece of railway metal (viz., the gong), they are ready for school. Before leaving they are lined up like soldiers for inspection by Mrs. Thomssen, and woe betide the boy who is not cleanly and properly dressed. No, Mrs. Thomssen does not use a rattan, at least not upon the training students, but she has a way of telling a fellow his cloth is dirty that makes him feel like a tramp. This parade usually takes place while the missionaries are drinking their morning coffee.

Thereafter the mail arrives and in a little while Mr. Thomssen is at work upon his private and official correspondence. He is not at it long before severe and attention-arresting coughing is heard outside from some workmen who have come

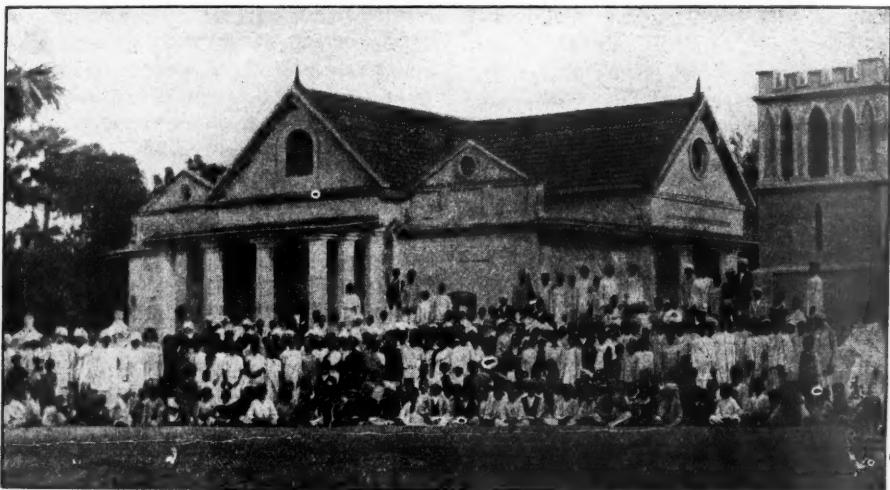


Our rebuilt bell tower. Dr. Coles sent the money for the upper story to the tower and also sent us a beautiful bell which rings out daily.

for inspiration and money before proceeding upon some work of Mr. Thomssen's. After sundry explanations and encourage-

ments the laborers go away, to be soon replaced by some native Christians who have come from a village to enlist the missionary's help in their petition to Government against some Hindus who have closed some path against them, along which it is necessary for them to go to lead their cattle to graze each day. A common case, this. After going into the matter with the petitioners Mr. Thomssen writes out a letter of recommendation, gives it to the men, and sends them away hopeful and happy. A few minutes afterward, maybe, some strangers come along desiring to pay their respects to the missionary and his wife. Down goes the pen again, and after a few preliminary remarks the travelers are shown the wonders of the bungalow. The typewriter is thumped for their edification. "Way down upon the Swanee River" is pumped out on the harmonium, and various other novel and startling performances are gone through to the wonderment and delight of all. Before they leave, these people are spoken to about the things of God and His salvation, and tracts and booklets are presented to each.

After this a beggar makes his appearance, who, on condition that he receives monetary assistance, vehemently avows his intention to spread abroad the fame and virtues of the missionaries of Bapatla.



CHRISTIAN HERALD GOSPEL HALL WITH CROWDS PRESENT AT DEDICATION OF AUSTRALIAN BELL AND TOWER

These latter, however, feeling a little dubious about the value to them of such a procedure, invite the knight of the bowl to pay his respects with other beggars at the bungalow on the following Saturday morning, when the weekly largesse is distributed. And so it goes on throughout the morning — pastors coming for advice and to make reports, teachers applying for school materials, agents attending for orders, etc., etc.

Mrs. Thomssen is just as busy attending to the thousand and one duties of a mission household. She too has her clientele: A Bible woman asking for help and advice; a woman living in the mission compound with a complaint against another woman who has commandeered her cooking pot; another, whose little boy is lying dangerously ill and who thinks that the medical advice of the missionary's wife is almost an infallible cure. Rarely does a morning pass without some interesting caller at the bungalow.

Probably the most interesting visitors there during my holiday were an old Brahmin and his wife. They were returning from a long, wearying pilgrimage to Benares, whither they had gone in their search for soul-satisfaction. While there they lost by death their three children. They had wandered from shrine to shrine and from temple to temple, had bathed in the Ganges and other sacred rivers, had climbed holy hills; in fact, had done everything in their power as prescribed for their souls' salvation and eternal happiness by the Hindu religion, but all without conscious success and satisfaction. At some place in their wanderings they had heard about the salvation freely offered to all mankind by the one God and Father of all, and on arriving at Bapatla they called at the mission bungalow to inquire further about the religion of Jesus Christ.

The features of both man and wife were drawn and inexpressibly sad and despairing, but as Mr. Thomssen and one of the Indian teachers here talked to them about the universality and certainty of God's redemption their faces lit up with unmistakable interest and concern. Mr. Thomssen offered them quarters at the end of one of the students' houses, if they cared to stay there, and the fact of their

accepting the offer was proof of their sincerity, for in living at this place they are guilty of infringement of caste rules. Some minutes later the man still further committed himself by discarding his sacred thread. Being Canarese people, although they can speak Telugu, without being able to read it, at the time of my writing this they are both busy learning to read the Scriptures and Bible booklets presented to them by Mr. Thomssen, and it is very evident from their changed looks that their studies are producing happy results. I may add here that the couple are treated with the greatest respect and love by the students, who share deep interest in their souls' salvation with Mr. and Mrs. Thomssen. After a stay of ten days the couple left for their native village.

II

A visitor to the schools, about a mile away, will find a busy work in progress. In the Christian Herald Gospel Hall the students of the Normal Training Institution are receiving instruction, while outside in the compound classes of children are gathered in palmyra sheds and are busy learning the three "R's." A look at some of these children will convince you that, generally speaking, there is nothing pettifogging and cranky about their parents. Some have clothes on and some haven't; some have their heads well greased and the hair parted and smoothed flat, and some haven't; some have been washed and some haven't, or at least if they have it has been in sand. But all have a place in the care and affection of the powers that be, all are prayed for, all are taught that Jesus can save them from their sins and bring them safe at last to heaven.

The training students are a fine lot of young men. Many of them have already received a good education and are bright, intelligent and enthusiastic. These are the lads who will become teacher-pastors in the village schools. It is difficult to over-estimate their value as mission workers. The training they receive at Bapatla fits them not only for secular teaching, but also for giving Christian instruction. There is a good demand for these teachers on the various mission

fields, as the native pastors highly value their worth and assistance. As has been already indicated, Mrs. Thomssen has the domestic care of this large family of boys and the task is no sinecure. There are always some young bloods who want to jump the traces, but this is purely constitutional and there is no record of real insubordination at any time at Bapatla. They all love the "Ammagard" and they know that she loves them, and, after any punishment they protest that, well, they deserved it, or they would not have received it.

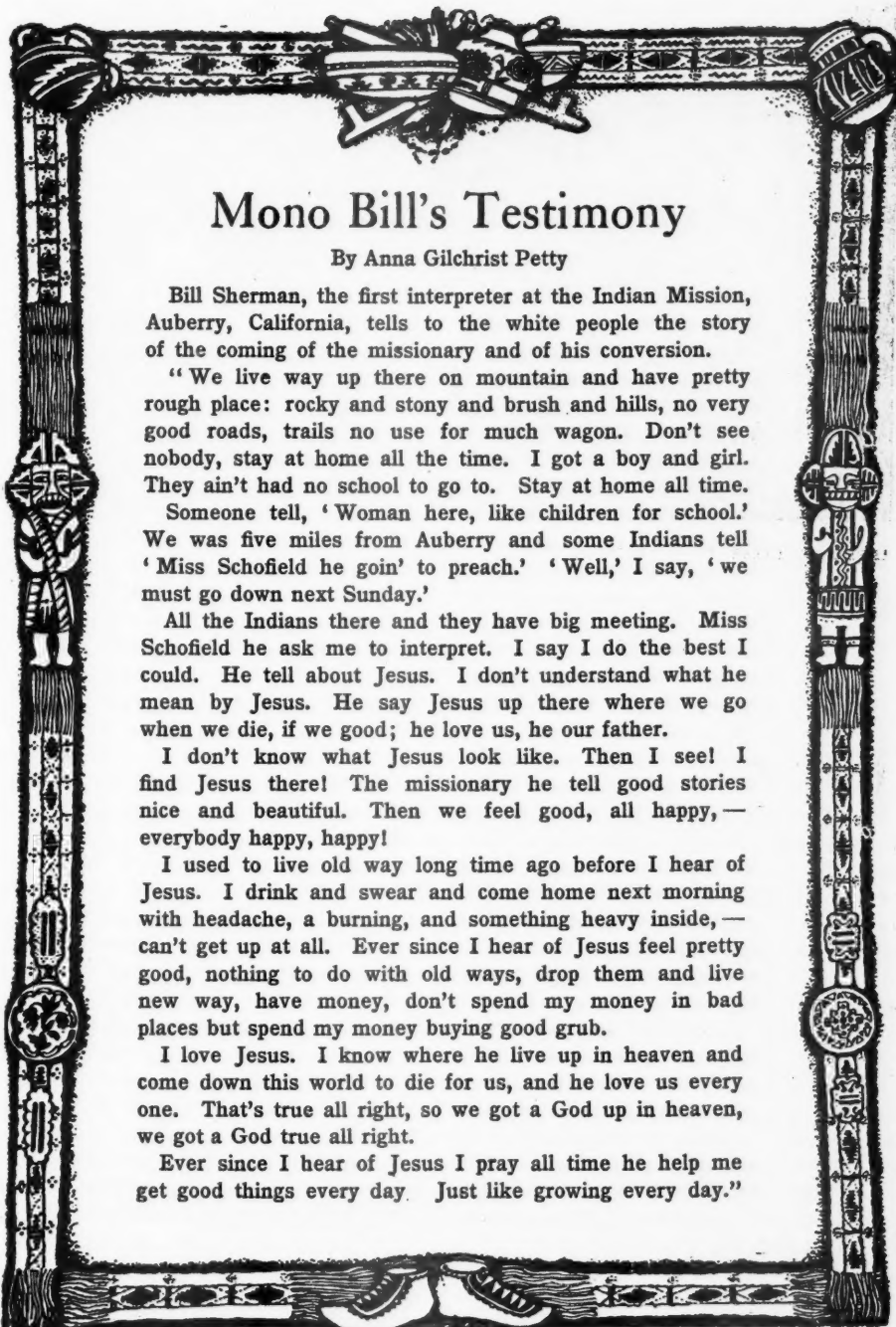
After breakfast, at 11 A.M., it is customary for white people in India to indulge, if possible, in a siesta. One afternoon I was indulging in a rather prolonged nap, when I was awakened by a stentorian voice roaring out English drill-words of command. Opening a door I discovered that the teacher of the compound school opposite was putting a small squad of small children (one of them a poor little hunchback) through a series of physical exercises. This school is patronized by the children of the Christians who live near by, and is worthy of a visit. The teacher, Mr. Kellaiya, even if he is at times somewhat boisterous in his methods, is a fine fellow, and he and his wife, who assists him, have a real live interest in their charges.

In addition to those mentioned there is a small school for Mala (weavers) children at one end of Bapatla. I had the pleasure of attending with Mrs. Thomssen the last Christmas festival at this school. A Christian Mala teacher has charge and has a good class of children drawn from the hamlets near by. Most of the older boys have to spend the best part of their time watching cattle, but at the treat all the children went through various religious exercises, such as the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, etc., and appeared to have an intelligent grasp of their meaning. During the proceedings we were treated to "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder" in Telugu by some of

the senior boys. By the way, this hymn is a raging favorite here in Bapatla. Rarely a day passed without its being heard from a school, on the road, from a hut, or from somewhere. One day I heard a Hindu cowboy singing the chorus as he walked along the road behind his cattle, and even the cattle seemed to appreciate the hymn.

I shall always feel grateful that I was privileged one afternoon to witness a meeting of the Bapatla Church Panchayat, an organization composed of the pastors and people of the several village congregations on the Bapatla field. This *panchayat* has the control of all matters of church polity, management, discipline and expenditure, Mr. Thomssen being the final court of appeal and general adviser. They appoint pastors, teachers and other Christian workers to their various stations, apportion the money needed for each branch of work, exercise an oversight over every church and congregation, and pass judgment on all matters of church and individual discipline. This system forms the nearest solution to practical self-support that I know of in India. The people give more liberally because they have a first voice in the spending of their contributions. Discipline coming from their own people has a far more salutary and valuable effect upon the delinquents than if it were administered by the missionary; and the fact that instead of being at the beck and call of the missionary, to be used as he thinks fit and consequently having no sense of individuality and responsibility, they are called upon to accept responsibility and to manage their own affairs, ensures a high standard of intelligence and spirituality among the Christians, such as would otherwise be impossible. This system is educative, elevative and progressive, and if generally adopted would, I believe, be the means under God of raising the whole Indian church spiritually and politically.

This charmingly graphic sketch of a Mission and its life will be concluded next month. We do not often have so faithful a portrayal of missionary activities



Mono Bill's Testimony

By Anna Gilchrist Petty

Bill Sherman, the first interpreter at the Indian Mission, Auberry, California, tells to the white people the story of the coming of the missionary and of his conversion.

"We live way up there on mountain and have pretty rough place: rocky and stony and brush and hills, no very good roads, trails no use for much wagon. Don't see nobody, stay at home all the time. I got a boy and girl. They ain't had no school to go to. Stay at home all time.

Someone tell, 'Woman here, like children for school.' We was five miles from Auberry and some Indians tell 'Miss Schofield he goin' to preach.' 'Well,' I say, 'we must go down next Sunday.'

All the Indians there and they have big meeting. Miss Schofield he ask me to interpret. I say I do the best I could. He tell about Jesus. I don't understand what he mean by Jesus. He say Jesus up there where we go when we die, if we good; he love us, he our father.

I don't know what Jesus look like. Then I see! I find Jesus there! The missionary he tell good stories nice and beautiful. Then we feel good, all happy, — everybody happy, happy!

I used to live old way long time ago before I hear of Jesus. I drink and swear and come home next morning with headache, a burning, and something heavy inside, — can't get up at all. Ever since I hear of Jesus feel pretty good, nothing to do with old ways, drop them and live new way, have money, don't spend my money in bad places but spend my money buying good grub.

I love Jesus. I know where he live up in heaven and come down this world to die for us, and he love us every one. That's true all right, so we got a God up in heaven, we got a God true all right.

Ever since I hear of Jesus I pray all time he help me get good things every day. Just like growing every day."



THREE OF THESE BOYS WERE CONVERTED IN CHAPEL CAR GRACE AT CALEXICO, CALIFORNIA.
THEY ARE NOW IN FRANCE

Shots from the Firing Line

BY MRS. WALTER G. SPARKS

THE work of our American Baptist Publication Society is so many-sided that it invites the careful study of all thoughtful people. The Publication Department alone, with its fine output of books, Bibles, Sunday school supplies, tracts and translations, together with its method of turning over its profits for use by the missionary department, will richly repay investigation.

In the matter of Bible distribution, it supplies all the missionaries of the Home Mission, State Mission and City Mission Societies with the Bibles needed in their work. To the Foreign Mission Society for work abroad it transfers one-third of all money contributed by the Sunday schools and churches in the territory of the Northern Baptist Convention.

Besides the great output in English, Bibles are published in German, the Gospels in Italian and Spanish, and portions of Scripture in several other languages. Added to this, the Department last year issued a Protestant translation of the Gospels in Slovak, the only such version available. Each of the four is bound

separately, and all are bound together, being entitled "The Teachings of Jesus."

We wish that every Baptist could hear the pleading and constant cry for Scriptures and for tracts to distribute among the foreign peoples of our country. Though the utmost is done that the money in hand will admit, yet the supply of Bibles and tracts does not begin to keep pace with the demand, and the Bible fund is too small to permit any enlargement of the work.

Tracts are also published in French, German, Hungarian, Magyar, Italian, Indian, Spanish, Portuguese, Danish-Norwegian, Swedish, Finnish and Polish.

It is profitable also to consider how much is involved in the purposeful practical work of the religious education and social service branches of the Society's work; then coming lastly to a survey of the Missionary and Bible Department, which distributes the Bibles of the Publishing Department, and uses its business profits for the propagation of the gospel.

It is well to trace seriously and prayerfully the marvelous progress of the missionary enterprise, which under the blessing

of God has grown by leaps and bounds, until the story now reads like a fascinating romance. It is well also that Baptists should examine the up-to-date methods and careful, economical administration of the funds committed to the care of the Publication Society.

Do you know that the Publication Society was the first in America to send out the colporter—that man who goes from house to house carrying the glad news of salvation through Christ. And now they travel on foot, on horse-back, on bicycle, by wagon, by automobile, and by boat; each group traversing a district which the others cannot reach, and so each doing the work which the others did not do.

HOW DOES THE WORK STAND TODAY?

We have fifteen colportage wagons; eighteen colportage automobiles, and three colportage cruisers in active service at this moment; and only last year they brought spiritual help to 156,984 families, and distributed 972,107 booklets of religious literature.

Baptists everywhere ought to know these men and their mission.

Going first to the dense woods of northern Michigan, we find Colporter Rev. Walter F. Williams in the very thick of the fight. He tells of his call to Shepherds-ville. Who would want to become the pastor of Shepherds-ville? It is doubtful if there are three ministers anywhere who know of its existence. The town is not on the railroad. There is no post office, and it cannot even boast a proverbial "store and blacksmith shop." It nestles in the heart of the great North Michigan woods, and is made up of only a dozen houses. Did I say houses? They are nothing but two-room rough board shacks, covered with tar paper to keep out the rain and snow and the biting cold. But the people who live within have come from the hills of Kentucky, and remembering the one room back there, which was thought ample accommodation for any reasonably sized family, they look upon these little homes as really spacious. Four years ago these people were very poor and ignorant. The women were shiftless and untidy. The children had never even seen such a thing as a schoolhouse, and as

for the men, so well known was their wickedness that even the game wardens gave them a wide berth. Who would want to become the pastor of Shepherds-ville? And who would pay the salary if he did?

Tramping through the woods one day there came a man, and to him the desperate need of that forsaken place was as the call of God. So insistent was the voice that his heart was deeply stirred and within there sprang up a great longing to do something for these poor people. This man was a colporter of our Publication Society, which was paying his salary. Should he be able to start a Sunday school there would be books, papers, picture cards for the children and Bibles for the men and women. He felt that this was his work, so that though the people around said, "Leave that camp alone; you are a fool to go there," he went.

It was a long and hard tramp to the new field, and what with the clambering over fallen logs and detouring around swampy ground he was glad enough to reach the cleared spot in the forest and see among the standing stumps and decaying logs the huddled shacks of Shepherds-ville. The women came to the doors and stared curiously at him, and he got glimpses of children peeping from behind their skirts, their eyes round with wonder. Undoing his pack, he soon made known his mission in a most interesting way, and as he talked the faces of the women began to soften, and as he showed the pretty pictures the eyes of the children began to brighten. Already they welcomed this new friend who had made so joyous a break in the monotony of their lives.

When the men came in from their wood-cutting they had evidently heard something of the colporter and suspected the purpose of his coming. Some looked mildly curious, some sarcastic, while others scowled at him over their dark and heavy brows. But in spite of all their wickedness, these men could remember their childhood in far-off Kentucky hills, where at least they had been taught something of God. So after eyeing the missionary up and down, and concluding that he was no imposter, they listened kindly enough to the "old, old story" that is ever new.

An informal talk followed the meeting, and then the missionary asked, "Now is there anything special in which I can be of help to you?" They answered, "Yes, we want a school, for we have children here from ten to thirteen years of age who can neither read nor write." Now our colporters know that Christianity includes social service, so this man made it his first duty to secure school privileges for Shepherds-ville, and a few months later he stood clad in overalls, saw and hammer in hand, ready to help erect the schoolhouse.

In this building he has held his Sunday school for the past four years, and preached the gospel to the people. More changes have come to the rough camp. Some of these hardened men are now true followers of Christ. Among these is Mr. Shepherd, for whom the place is named. Four years ago this man had nothing that he could call his own. He now owns a productive farm of forty acres, and on a recent visit of the colporter he said, "I shall never cease to thank God that you were led to come to this place. It has meant new life to me and to my family. As for this land, I would never have had money to buy it had it not been for the change in my heart."

The colporter had a walk of eight miles to his appointment at the next camp. In some places the snow lay a foot deep and a sleety rain was falling, but as he swung along with singing heart, the length of the journey was as if it were not, and the hardness was unfelt; for he went forth, bearing the reward of service: that "joy which is unspeakable and full of glory."

A CHINESE COLPORTER

We will take a trip to San Francisco, and hear that brave Chinese soldier of the cross tell exultingly of battles fought and victories won. Sum Sing is our Chinese colporter, with headquarters in Chinatown, and no man leads a busier or happier life. His evenings are spent teaching at the night school of our Chinese Baptist Church on Sacramento Street, while every morning he makes his round of laundries, stores, restaurants and homes, going "from place to place," as he says himself, in quiet, persevering Chinese fashion, sowing the seed of the Kingdom.

Let us hear him tell his own experience:

"In one laundry they did not like to have me stay. As soon as I would talk about Christ, one man showed not much interest. But I went and I went, and at last he would say, 'Tell me some more about Christ.' Then he came to church and became a Christian; also his brother came back from China, so I went often and talked to him also, and he became a Christian. They have helped much in paying the pastor's salary. They are earnest and faithful."

Sum Sing loves the children, and every Sunday and Wednesday he goes across the Bay to our school at Oakland to tell them Bible stories. One very rainy day he got there just as they had left for home, all but one small boy. This boy spied Sum Sing coming, and running down the street as fast as his little legs would permit, he gathered up the children, and brought them all back like a flock of homing pigeons. Sum Sing was so pleased with this mark of affection and appreciation that, as he quaintly puts it, "I felt so glad and happy that that day I could tell them a beautiful story."

One day God sent Sum Sing to see a man very much as He sent Philip so long ago. He walked to the rooming house and knocked at the door, and when bidden to enter he found a man of fifty years sitting quietly in his room. Sum Sing gave him his regards and said, "Have you ever heard the gospel?" And the man answered, "No." "Then," said Sum Sing, "I read to him a few Scriptures, and showed him how we need Christ for our Redeemer. He did not understand it very well, so I went to him from time to time until at last he knew, and gave his heart to Christ. Then he went back to China, and was baptized near his own village. Since then he has helped to build a chapel near the market-place."

What a simple story, simply told, and like many others, how unfathomable is its meaning. How infinitely far-reaching will be its influence, for in it we see the meeting of the East and the West, the only true meeting in Christ Jesus.

A RUSSIAN IN NEW YORK

Since distance is nothing to the wings of the soul, we go in a trice from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and we are now in New

York City, watching Rev. N. Lodsine, our Russian colporter, pluck a brand from the burning.

In thinking of the work of our colporters and missionaries among the foreign peoples, we seldom realize that among them some "down-and-outs" are reached and rescued, even as they are among their American brethren. Our Russian missionary in New York tells interestingly of a man he met in the Bowery—a fellow-countryman—dissipated, homeless and friendless. Through his help this poor man found that "Friend who sticketh closer than a brother," and the miracle of the changed life followed the miracle of saving grace.

Working steadily he had at last saved a little fund of \$500, and decided to carry out the purpose he had had in his heart ever since his conversion. There was an old mother over the sea, a mother to whom by letters he could never hope to explain what manner of man he had become. He knew that her heart was almost broken by the stories she had heard, and alas, had believed; stories brought to her by other Russians of his apostasy from the Greek church, and abandonment of all true religion. So when his \$500 was saved, he took it and went back to Russia to tell her the truth.

At last he reached the small, familiar village, and found his mother looking for her son, whom she still loved, though she was sure he had made of himself an outcast, both for time and eternity. He made it his labor of love to undeceive her. He showed plainly a life which was cleansed by the power of God, and she had to believe in the cleansed soul of which this was the manifestation. He showed her a heart warm with affection and loyalty toward her and his fellow-men, and she had to believe in the love of God which dwelt within. "Oh," cried the happy mother, "they told me my son had abandoned his religion, but I have found my son so changed, so much better than he has ever been, his religion is within." And so she died in his arms rejoicing. Not long after he sailed again for New York. In that great city he has kept a restaurant for some years, where our missionary had a free course and fine opportunity to speak of the things of God to the Russians.

A Striking Conversion

Rev. W. F. Newton of West Virginia, in charge of Chapel Car "Herald of Hope," reports a very striking conversion:

I was asked to call at the home of a miner. He had been sick for nineteen months. If I made a thousand calls and was not definite in my call it would do no good. Hence I went to that miner's house for a real purpose. I was anxious to help the man. I sang a song, "The Child of a King," and then I said, "Mr. Brooks, I am going to pray for you, and you ought to accept Christ as your personal Saviour now." I got down on my knees, and he said, "What time is it?" I looked at him, and he had his watch in his hand, trying to pull out the stem to set it, but he was so weak he could not. I said, "Mr. Brooks, let me set the watch for you." I took the watch in my hand, set it, handed it back to him, and said, "It is just twenty minutes past four, and behold, now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

At the close of my prayer, I said, "Mr. Brooks, what are you going to do?" He said, "There is nothing else to do but to accept Christ." "Then you do accept Christ as your own personal Saviour?" "I do," came the answer. I sang with him, "Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice."

At this point his daughter came into the room, and I said, "Now, Mr. Brooks, tell your daughter what you have done." He turned toward the daughter, as he said, "Sadie, I have accepted Christ." I said, "Go over to the bed and speak to him." She did so, and as she stood there the two of them wept for joy.

He spoke very kindly of her, as the mother had been dead for many years. The daughter was a member of the little Baptist church in the town. He soon felt free to engage in conversation with me, and said, "I have been a very wicked man for a great many years. Now and then I would think about better things, but then I thought, what's the use, there is no salvation for a man like me. Your coming to see me gave me new heart and hope, and I am glad that I have given myself to Christ."



A Day's Work

FROM THE CHINESE PATIENT'S POINT OF VIEW

BY DR. C. H. BARLOW, OF SHAOSINGFU, CHINA

AS each patient arrives at the outer door of the dispensary he buys a little flat bamboo stick with a number in Chinese burned on one side and then sits down on a seat in the comforting shelter of a dry room with a good floor on it, there to wait his turn to go in before that much talked of creature, the foreign doctor.

"All right nurse, you may open the door now and let them come in, but only three at a time or there will be crowding and confusion."

Whereupon the door is opened and a stir among the waiting crowd of sick ones shows their impatience to come in to have the foreign doctor see them. As they have waited longest, the ones to register first are called first. Three at a time they make their painful way into the consulting room, where sits a most strangely dressed and still stranger looking man. His eyes attract attention first because they are round like an animals, not slanted like a man's, and they are blue and curiously pale-looking instead of dark as eyes should be. And his hair is just no color at all, so yellowish white it seems when compared to the Chinese hair. One almost forgets the pain out of sheer curiosity in looking at so queer a man. His nose too is not only big but it forms so high and thin a ridge between his eyes as to enable him to clamp glasses on so firmly that they hold without bows. Altogether

a sight worth telling about in the village back home.

But little time is given for sightseeing, for the foreign doctor is asking about the patients, and as he speaks in our own language, one must attend. "What is your honorable name? How old are you? Where do you come from?" And, at last, "What is the disease of which you complain? Have you been here before?"

This first one was here before and presents his return slip, lays his little wooden ticket on the table and limps into the dressing room to have a leg ulcer dressed. The next two come from the same town and complain of indigestion, which proves on microscopic examination to be worms. They are given a prescription and sent to the drug room to have it filled. Now the room is empty and a new lot are called. This time eight people come crowding in, and as the limit is three patients at a time, we inquire the cause and find that five have come with one patient, so all are allowed to enter. Two are return cases for simple dressings and the one accompanied by five is a leper. She looks a picture of pain and misery, but she comes with a strange request: "Give me back my *pain* and help me to get well." If she had not become insensible to pain she would not have lost her fingers and her face would not have ulcerated so badly. After all

God gave wisely when he gave us pain to stand sentinel over our bodies. This is a case to try spirit. Only one answer can be given. "There is no cure and you ought to go to a nearby town to the foreign Lazarette." "Have you no medicine, no hope to offer?" "No, there is nothing to do." So they all troop out, after listening to the danger of the contagion being spread to others, and they go away with heavy hearts.

Next the call brings a mother carrying a babe in her arms. The baby's feet and legs are terribly burned, and its cries of pain and fright go to one's heart. A careless mother put her baby into a woven straw stand with a little charcoal brazier underneath. The little one, in kicking about, upset the brazier and the coals set fire to the straw. The poor little one, caught in the trap, was terribly burned before the mother realized what had happened. A scolding for the careless mother, and patient, tender dressing by a clever Chinese nurse for the baby.

Two men come next, and are given short shrift and the hypodermic needle, with plenty of advice thrown in gratis.

Next call, and the room fills up once more with a motley crowd. A man in silks has brought in his baby son and wishes to stay in the hospital. He is given an entrance slip and sent into the surgical ward for an appendectomy.

Next in turn are four men who say the patient is outside and cannot come in. "Will the foreign doctor come outside?" Outside "on a bed borne of four" lies a poor woman so emaciated that she seems more a skeleton than a woman. Her face is covered, and her friends expect her to die. She has "flukes" (little flat parasites). She has been treated by native Chinese doctors, and her body is covered with terrible scars where piles of incense were burned to cure the disease. She is sent into the hospital to be treated, perhaps to stay for months until she can recover from the awful effects of this pest.

Next come two old people, man and wife, who have been blind for years with cataract, and they are overjoyed to hear that their sight may be given back by an operation. They agree to that and go into the hospital also.

Now a soldier, sick from over-exercise and improper diet, comes in and is cared for, while a comrade in arms has a tooth pulled, and a little boy gets medicine for the itch.

Next a mother whose slave woman carries a poor little son. One's heart goes sick and shuddery at the sight of his wasted little body, and the great open sores. Nothing left but skin and bone and raw, cruel nerves. He cries out with pain as he is examined by the doctor. A poor feeble wailing cry and pitiful, because there is no hope. The great white plague has him in its grip, and only a few more days and death will set him free. To the mother, "No hope," and then quickly back to work again before the tears well up and spoil the smile which must greet all the other patients as they come for healing.

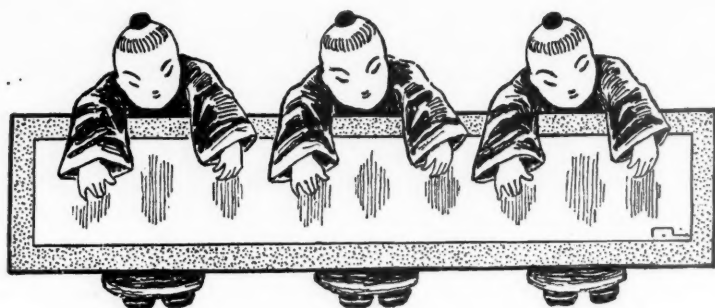
So the line of sick and suffering ones drags past. Every kind of disease, without regard to its contagiousness or its dreadful nature, comes before the doctor until the last straggler is seen, and the doctor hastens out into the air to clear his nostrils of the stench of it all, and to hurry off home for the midday meal, before beginning the duties of the afternoon in the hospital.

Only a work of grace in a man's daily life can keep him from the danger of such days, and only living faith in a loving Father can give him cheerful optimism in the face of such daily misery. Once the doctor contracted tuberculosis in the round of duty and had to go home to take the cure. Lying idle for many months up in the pleasant surroundings of the Adirondacks, a picture of that straggling line passed often before his eyes, and the knowing that the line had stopped because he was not there made him restless until the cure was complete and he could come again to sit back of the table and put help and health and cheer into the lives of maimed and halt and blind.

Don't pity the doctor! Rather envy a man who can fill such a place of helpfulness in the lives of such a multitude of earth's unfortunates. It is great joy, and yet the burdens of the many bear heavy upon one. Too heavy were it not for a sure knowledge that One who long ago

was pressed upon by the multitude, One to whom they brought all their sick and He cured them, stands ever by one's side and gives the needed cheer, the needed strength and the needed wisdom.

God help the weary straggling line and uphold the doctor's hands for many years to come, and grant that His face may shine in upon the darkness of many a life in the patients of the dispensary.



What a Pastor's Words May Do

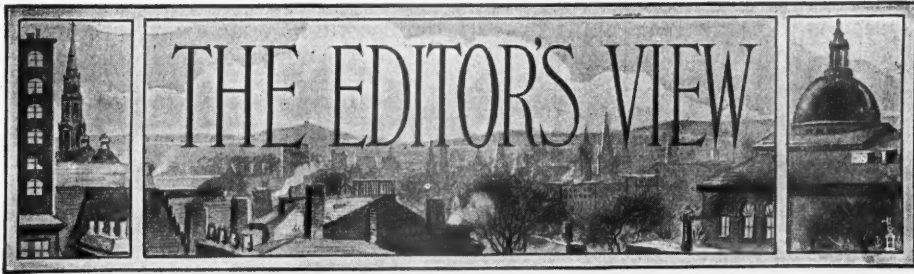
(This incident should inspire Pastors to use missionary illustrations and give the personal touch.)

"Oh, Tamate, if I had known you earlier, how different my life would have been!"

That was the message of Robert Louis Stephenson to his friend, James Chalmers, a missionary in New Guinea, whom he familiarly called Tamate, in whom he had utmost confidence and faith. Stephenson characterized Chalmers in these words—"He is as big as a church." The intimacy of these two men was most cordial. Stephenson was quite disposed to bestow upon his friend little less than hero worship. He declared at one time that he cherished a greater admiration for James Chalmers than for any man of modern times except possibly Charles Gordon. And who was James Chalmers? Speak back through the years to 1856 and ask the Rev. Gilbert Meikle of Glengarry, Scotland. Pastor Meik'e cou'd tel you of a thin-faced lad who always appeared on Sunday mornings in the family pew with his father at the Presbyterian Church. One Sunday at the Bible School Pastor Meikle read an interesting letter from a missionary in Fiji, describing briefly the fierceness of canni-

bals and the power of the gospel. Then with deep emotion the pastor said, "I wonder if there is a boy here this afternoon who will yet become a missionary and by and by bring the gospel to cannibals." James Chalmers responded in his heart "God helping me, I will."

The impression made on this boy's heart was not transient. Hiding behind a wall that day, on his way home from church, he prayed that God would make him a missionary to the heathen. After years of thorough preparation James Chalmers became one of the most efficient and most self-effacing and it might be added one of the most famous missionaries that ever served in the South Sea Islands. He sealed his devotion to the heathen with a martyr's death. "Oh, Tamate, if I had known you earlier, how different my life would have been!" What a tribute is that to the family, and to the strength of noble fellowship, and to the fruitage of faithful and sympathetic service in humble and obscure lives! Pastor Meikle will share forever in the joy and richness of the harvest brought in by his Bible School pupil—the unobserved boy in the Scottish hills, destined to be the famous missionary in the South Sea Islands.



The Church's Testing Place

HERE is a sermon editorial which we are going to let Dr. Samuel H. Greene of Calvary Church preach to our readers, only regretting the loss of the personality that added so much to its original utterance:

We ought to thank God for the testing place to which the modern church has come. It seems natural under the law of association that at a time when an appraisal of citizenship is being made, men should also ask concerning the sincerity and efficiency of those organizations to which communities look for leadership and example. Among the best known of these is the Christian church. What is she worth in an emergency like this? What has she that the other organizations of the world have not? She professes a divine origin, a divine message, a sacrificial life, a consecrated ministry and membership. How far is she making good today?

I face these fair but solemn questions with a deep sense of humiliation and hurt. Ought we not to have in all our churches days of humiliation and prayer? How far we have come short. What does she believe? What does she know of God? In how many homes the family altar has never existed or has died of neglect. How many children have never heard a prayer from father or mother. How many use money lavishly for unnecessary things but little for Christ. How many fail to honor the last command of Christ. How many times we have lost the high ideal of life, and have figured even love and home on a commercial basis. We have asked

what a man was worth and forgotten character and service to his fellowmen. The church is being tested. Still God is sifting out the souls of men. Does God shine out from the church of today?

Let no critic of the church undertake to comfort himself in this honest confession. If the man who has honestly tried to do God's work has fallen below his ideal, how much greater confession is due from one who has not tried at all.

I thank God for my country. I love every acre. I wonder if we realize how the history of this Republic has been shaping the thought and movements of the world? Our fathers vindicated the right of the common people to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. They builded here their altars and registered their vow that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people should not perish from the earth." Democracy had here a new birth, humanity the dawn of a new day. Much remains to be done, but the past justifies the expectation that liberty's fires upon our altars shall not be quenched. We ought to thank God today for the testing places to which we have been brought as a nation.

I thank God for the church and for her testing. Whatever the pain, may the fires burn till the dross is gone from our national life and we have learned from child to sire the price and meaning of American citizenship, and every man sheltered under our flag shall pledge to it his life and love and his sacred honor, and alien enemies be driven back beyond the wide seas.

I believe that under God the Christian Church is to be cleansed, uplifted and glorified as with sacrificial service she goes forth to the world. I do not believe that after this world tragedy religion must be rehabilitated in another form because the church of the twentieth century had betrayed its sacred trust. But I do believe that this is the most solemn and significant hour the church has seen in all the centuries, and she must vindicate herself in sacrificial life and service worthy of the name she bears and the work she has undertaken. I wish to record my faith in the future of Christ's Church because the church is His. Ever and anon she must be tried as by fire, but as ever the place of trial will have its robes of beauty and its hymns of praise.

"God is with thee,
God thine everlasting light."



Two Ideals

WHY is the world at war and why is Germany the enemy, as the President puts it, of four-fifths of the world? Is it because the rulers of Germany, in order to promote their own selfish and foolish ambition, have trampled upon the rights of their own people and the rights of men everywhere?

It is paganism coming back; it is the brutal spirit of ancient Rome resuscitated. All the slow processes and achievements of civilization seem to have gone for naught because an unscrupulous emperor wants more power and because an aristocratic military caste want more of the favors which fall from a throne.

What a rehabilitation of the old Roman barbaric spirit we are witnessing — and what a supreme need of the Gospel, which Rome scorned as Germany scorns it today! Only a few weeks ago, Adam Roder, the eminent German publicist, said: "The Pan-German view of the world is consciously aimed at the rooting out of the Christian religion and the system of

ethics derived from it. . . . Christianity will be done away with according to the ideas of Nietzsche, as the great weakening and enervating influence."

Over this German ideal put now the American ideal as expressed by President Wilson in his reply to the Pope's peace proposals. "The object of this war is to deliver the free peoples of the world from the menace and the actual power of a vast military establishment controlled by an irresponsible government."

There is the contrast between a nation ruled by paganism and a nation permeated by the teachings of Jesus. In the one case: Be Cruel; in the other case: Be Kind. In the one case sacrifice the happiness of the world for the sake of a monarch's glory; in the other case, sacrifice the happiness of your own country for the sake of saving other and weaker countries from oppression. It is the iron rule versus the Golden Rule. It is the iron cross versus the Cross of Calvary.

In all history what could more powerfully impress the lesson of driving the Gospel deep into the heart of a nation for its own sake, and especially for the sake of other nations? Or in other words, what more powerful plea for our missionary societies, which are spending men and money in order to save our nation and the world from paganism, from materialism, from agnosticism, and to make it positively, powerfully and permanently Christian? — J. H. M.



¶ Here is a pleasant word from an appreciative reader who holds an important place in the Missionary Education Movement: "I read MISSIONS last night on the way home. The most fault that I have to find with that magazine is that it is too big. I wish it came twice a month, and that it was only half as large. This last number was too good to digest at one sitting, yet that is what I tried to do. You are making a great magazine."

NOTE AND COMMENT

¶ Among the readable articles that will have to go over to April issue is one from Mrs. Bawden of Kavali, Nellore District, India. She writes brightly of the interesting work which attempts to make good industrial citizens out of those who enter the Settlement as criminals. Look out for the sketch.

¶ Subscribers who do not receive **MIS- SIONS** at the usual or any regular time during this period of coal suspensions and railroad blockades will perhaps realize that we are at war. The delays are unavoidable and are shared by printers, mailing companies and the post-office. Heatless Mondays have disarranged all ordinary plans for publications. We shall all have to make the best of it. The editorial work is done on time, but all else is uncertain owing to conditions that could not be guarded against. The one thing we can all exercise is patience. Your magazine will reach you sometime, provided the post-office department does not go out of business altogether.

¶ Hoarding is criminal in this crisis, whether it be of food or money. It is not only selfishness in worst form but is proof of distrust. A Christian will not hoard. Not if he has Christianity enough to sustain him in this life and that which is to come. Fear may tempt, but principle will say no. Far better is it to share the common lot, even though there come a pinch. Those early Christians knew uncommon joy as a result of having all things in common.

¶ Rev. L. B. Rogers, of Toungoo, Burma, writes that the Kaiser-I-Hind medal has been conferred upon Dr. Cummings, Miss Higby, lately deceased, and Dr. Nichols, in addition to Mr. Thomssen. Dr. Nichols received the gold medal, and is said to be the only missionary of any denomination upon whom this honor was conferred. In speaking of the medal conferred upon Mr. Thomssen there was no intention to imply

that he was the only missionary who had received the medal, simply that his was conferred for a specific service which the Indian Government thus signaled. Be sure to see little Mary Rogers and her Siamese kitten on another page.

¶ It is well known that so far as all religious and missionary enterprises are concerned extravagant living is the twin of niggardly giving.

¶ We are fighting a war to make the world safe for democracy. Jesus Christ came that the world might not only be safe but that it might be saved. Only a saved world can be safe for anybody.

¶ The Bible teaches sacrifice. The sacrifice of the Cross is the divine magnet that draws the world. Are we making any real sacrifices — or do we profess much and practice little? How should any of our Baptist agencies lack in a time like this? The Five Year Program has a world horizon and calls us to service in the mission fields abroad and at home. We must not only meet present needs but prepare for the larger work after the war is over. We shall not do our share unless we are willing to learn the meaning of the word sacrifice.

¶ Our Baptist pastors are doing noble work in the cantonments and smaller encampments and army stations. There should be more of them. The \$150,000 needed by the Baptist War Commission is a part of the Million Dollar Drive undertaken by our laymen.

¶ For men must give and women must knit — each one engaged on his special bit.

¶ The finest slogan is not "Doing One's Bit" but "Doing One's Best." The first is good, the second is better and best.

¶ If we had had no Five Year Program we should hardly have had the Laymen's Million Dollar Drive. Underneath our present advance lies the inspiration created by the F. Y. P. That Program is not given up, but realizing itself in part in this Urgency and Emergency Drive.

¶ Every Baptist in the Northern Baptist Convention should take a share in this Million Dollar Drive. There is a share for your State, your Association, your Church, and — don't forget that — Yourself!



Editorial Chat from the Capital

WE talk about the French as a mercurial people, or used to, but certainly we can equal them in that respect. Washington has been illustrating this national trait. For a few days the people were all agog over the speech of Senator Chamberlain, in which he set forth at great length the evidence that proved to him that the military arm of the government had fallen down. He read two letters that sent a thrill of horror and pity through the public, as well they might. That such things could occur, even as "isolated instances," as the Secretary of War called them, was a terrible thought. The array of facts showing inefficiency in direction and inadequacy in equipment was also formidable, and afforded plenty of occasion for thought.

Then came the Secretary of War to make defence. Small of stature, well groomed as always, apt in expression, armed with documents, he had no written statement or address, but spoke for four hours and a half extemporaneously, referring to the mass of papers before him on occasion. It was an able presentation of the case, probably as good a defence as could be made. It did not add much to what he had previously said, and was marred by the boast that the United States had done a piece of work such as no other nation had ever done in similar space of time—questionable in taste if not in fact. Nor did it deny or defend such instances as Senator Chamberlain had brought to light. Very likely one of the reasons why it produced a favorable effect on many was because the attitude of the Secretary was distinctly conciliatory, where previously it had been rather defiant,

as though senatorial questioning was an impertinence.

The general feeling seems to be that the air has been cleared; that the result of the probing will be to speed up the War Department, which needed it; and that the cutting of red tape and introduction of reforms will take place even if the bill introduced by Senator Chamberlain is not favorably acted upon.

The Fuel Administrator of the District of Columbia took it upon himself to issue an order that was utterly absurd and without excuse. The order was that two-thirds of the churches must close up absolutely for three weeks, and all the rest must close during the week, combining as they chose on Sunday. This was to save anthracite coal, presumably. The order was issued by telephone, no questions were permitted, and then the wise Fuel Administrator took a train for Florida to recuperate in a warmer climate, leaving coalless homes and church consternation behind him. Some slight modification was later allowed for Sunday schools, but it was distinctly stated that no public services of worship could be held after Sunday school, even in the same rooms and if no extra heat was used. This was so arbitrary that it was taken as a direct assault upon religious liberty and a slight upon the churches, practically saying to the community that the churches were of no consequence, while the moving-picture shows and theatres were not interfered with.

The ministerial groups got together and protested, while deciding for patriotic reasons to obey the order. The Protestants did this, but the Catholics took the

WE TALK SACRIFICE AND SERVICE—NOW FOR PRACTICE THE MILLION DOLLAR DRIVE—LAST WEEK OF MARCH

matter to the cardinal at Baltimore and announced that the law of the Church compelled the celebration of mass, and as they took orders only from the cardinal they refused to close, though they would not heat their churches.

So it went for the first Sunday, with two-thirds of the churches closed, save that where there was only one church of a denomination it was allowed to remain open; this including Christian Science and others.

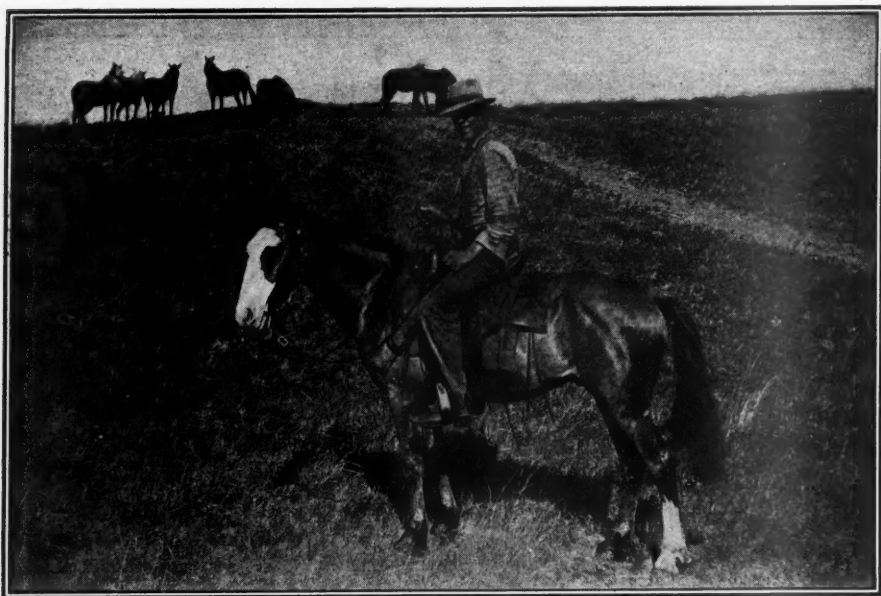
On Monday morning the Federation of Churches met and there was a warm time, though little coal was used. The protests were vigorous, and the resolutions passed were strong, demanding a reversal of the order, and insisting that the movies and theatres be closed on Sunday instead of the churches. The District Administrator was still resting in Florida but his assistant had heard from somebody "above" and was most glad to change the order so that all churches might remain open half a day, choosing which half, on Sunday, closing all the week. This was not satisfactory, the churches insisting that the amusement places should not be open while the churches were closed. Opinions were freely expressed that real patriotism demanded the refusal to obey an order so unfair, discriminating against the churches. During the negotiations, it turned out that no consultation had been held in advance of the order with a single pastor, that the Fuel Administrator did not investigate to find out whether the churches used hard or soft coal—it being shown that a large majority use soft coal, of which there is a sufficiency—but took it for granted. Nor did the authorities know whether the movies used hard coal or not. It looked like one of the stupidest and most unjustifiable acts perpetrated since common sense was born. Certainly the Fuel Administration has been as unfortunate as the Food Administration has been favored. And if you would know the reason, in my opinion it is because of Mr. Hoover's unchangeable

policy of conference—of going over all matters of importance in advance with the people most interested and to be affected by action. That is the policy that wins, because it is wise and takes the people into confidence as partners.

The food situation is at its critical stage. The coming four months will tell whether we are to lose the war through lack of food. The program for 1918 has been put out, and the new Home Card will be found on another page. It calls for more wheatless and meatless days; yet we are not called upon for any such rationing as they know in France and Italy and England. We have not begun to know what sacrifice means as yet. The Christian homes should lead in conservation—which means both substitution and reduction of consumption for some, not for those already down to bedrock.

There is a feeling abroad that the end of the war is not so far off as the military men declare. Germany did not know what she was doing when the Russian revolutionists with their ideals of peace were invited into parley. It was well enough to trick the Russians, but how to counteract the peace ideas introduced into Germany is what puzzles the impious Kaiser at present. The agitation for peace once started will not easily be controlled, and we may not have to wait for settlement on the battle fronts. Let us pray that the common people may be enlightened and may throw off the horrible yoke of militarism and make possible not only peace with righteousness and lasting foundations, but also a new nation in place of forever discredited and abominated Prussianism of today. Surely every American can rightly pray and hope for that, as for the true democratization and Christianization of our own country. Meanwhile, we have to push forward the preparations for war—for in one way or another we must win, if life is to be worth living. And food instead of guns still seems to be the determining factor. This puts it up to the American people.

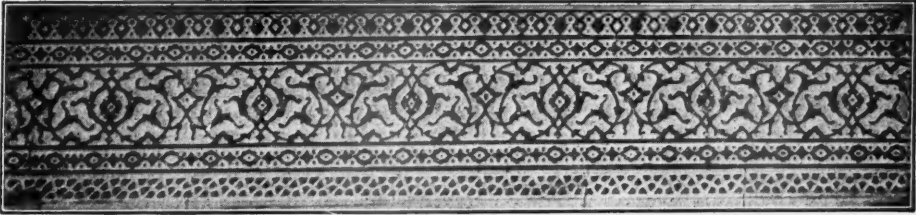
MISSION STORIES TOLD IN PICTURES



On a Ranch in the heart of the Sandhills, where life is free and missionaries scarce



An Indian group at the Estes Park Summer Assembly, with Dr. Bruce Kinney and Members of the Teaching Staff



A Day On the Questionnaire Board

BY ROLLO C. SPEER

Supervisor of Missions, Calumet, Region of Indiana

THIS morning I hurry down to our quarters where we answer the questionnaires for the drafted men in the Indiana Harbor end of the city of East Chicago. Ours is the largest local board in the United States, and it represents the greatest number of nationalities; the legal and ministerial forces of the city have all been drafted into service to help the registrants. I sit at my desk, now let them come in. Here they are, a motley throng:

The first man is a young Pole, with an appropriate "ski" at the last of his name. He claims no exemption and asks to be sent to the army. His paper is signed, he says good-bye, and I greet Registrant No. 2.

What is your name? It is given. It savors of good plain America. Where is your father? In Alabama. He is another soldier. One of the many who have flocked to this region from all over America attracted by the good labor conditions.

Number Three! Here is a man, born in America but whose forefather was an unwilling immigrant. He is the one class which is in America not of his own choosing. Ebony black is his skin and strong of alcohol is his breath. The questions proceed. Have you ever been arrested for crime? Yes, I was before the federal court last June for failure to register. I have spent three months in jail for the folly. Yes, I will gladly go to the army! Another soldier, he. At the same time he represents a pressing social problem which has been thrust upon the northern industrial communities, and they must be dealt with.

Here comes Number Four, and he is a

"proposition"! His interpreter is at his side, barely able himself to understand a straight English question. Where were you born? Hungary. Do you claim exemption because you are an alien? Yes, I have not my first papers. Will you be willing to return to Austria-Hungary and fight in their army? No! Do you mean that you will remain in America and enjoy her good wages while you refuse to defend her? I won't fight anywhere! The only course is to mark him "alien enemy" and dismiss him with this exhortation—"Now, Steve, remember you are going to be watched. Take no part in riots or strikes or you will be imprisoned until after the war is over." We must have charity for him, for his wife and children are in the mother country and naturally he dreads to carry a gun against them. But it is one of America's problems, and a serious one it is in this present crisis.

Next man! Ah! Ha! This is his name—Konstantinus Kostantelos. Let me be sure I get your name right. (I make it in Greek characters and push it across the table for his inspection.) His interpreter starts up. What! Do you know Greek? Never has any American said he cared for my language before. And, oh, sir, it is a beautiful language, is it not? This man has three children in Greece, their first names are Spiros, Demetrius and Socrates! Oh, ye Greeks, ye stood in the pass of Thermopylæ, but what has come over you, for you, Konstantinus, like 99% of your countrymen we have questioned, claim exemption because you are an alien. None of you secure your papers of declaration of intention. You prey upon America

for good wages and you go back to your country. Our word Democracy may be a combination of two of your words, but you certainly are not helping in this world crisis to defend that word and what it stands for!

Make way for this next fellow! We do not have to ask who he is. His large frame, thick features, dark skin and prominent nose tell us he is an Armenian. His interpreter is the boss at the corner Pool Room. Sign your name, sir. I have never be'n to school a day! Very well, make your mark. What is it he says? He claims exemption because he is an alien! A vision comes to my mind of 5½ million starving people in Palestine. I also think of offerings we have been making recently to save them, prompted by President Wilson's earnest appeal to the American people. I look at this man who tells me he is making at least \$960 per year and I feel an almost irrepressible longing to pitch him into the snowdrifts outside. Fie on him! A second thought, however, is one of compassion for him, a stranger in a strange land. Never a day in school, no way to express the longing of his soul. Who is the sinner, he or us, that we have let him remain so among us? These are searching questions.

The next is a matter of a supporting affidavit only. The man has brought his mother, a sturdy Slovak woman, to say she must have his wages or she will be hungry and cold. She laboriously writes her name in a crumpled hand and with nervous anxiety. Suppose the worst comes and he has to be denied the exemption, marches away and leaves her. She will need advice and care at the hands of us, Americans.

A short breathing spell. A crowd comes in. Some one on the board passes word along that these are Greeks. Not so. I get one of them. This was his name—Guiseppe Pignatello. He understands not a word of English, although he has been in America since 1913. I ask the routine questions. Are you a priest? The interpreter shakes his head with a dark frown, saying, "He has no use for priests, has not been to church since he came to America." But curiosity gets the better of me and I must ask, Why so? Because

they are no better than we, why ask them to forgive sins for us? I secretly resolve to take a moment to tell this interpreter about Antonio Mangano and his book, which I do, and he is all interest. He asks who I am, where my church is, says he will come sometime, maybe. He says, Guiseppe has no friend or relative in this country who could be notified in case of accident or death, except the Dalmatian saloon-keeper on the corner. Does no one else in America care for this poor lad, 21 years old? My heart aches for him. Will you go to American army? Yes! Yes! What branch do you choose to enter? Artillery (conversation between the interpreter and registrant). What does Guiseppe say? He wants to enter the artillery so to shoot far and hard into the Austrian lines! God bless you, Guiseppe! Will you "go over the top" for America? What a spirit! No friend in America but a saloon-keeper, no one has taught you English or showed the slightest interest in you except to drive you to work for ten years, but I'll trust you to do your bit! He is a "son of Italy."

Now I get a change of scene again. This next fellow is a mighty man, physically. What language do you speak? Croatian or Serbian, they are the same, he answers. How long have you been in America? Eleven years. What occupation? Steel mill worker now, but for ten years laborer all over the Northwest. Arrested in Spokane, Washington, for gambling—want to go to the army. Not willing to go back to my country and fight; why should I? What Austria has done to my country is plenty! And he, although technically an alien enemy, registers Class I, division A.

I am now to try my hand on a fine-looking young fellow. Here is some one different. Born in America, a citizen by birth. Finished grade school and high school in our city, has taken part of a law course in Northwestern University. Insurance salesman. Speaks six languages. A Jew. Makes lots of money. Waives all claim to exemption; will soon be off to camp, no doubt.

I am off to lunch. On arriving home a telephone call awaits me. I call the number. Who is it? Oh, yes, it's you, Alexander. Yes, I'll come over on my way back

and fix you up. Alexander, a young Lithuanian, has called me to ask if I would please stop in his home, where he could talk privately with me about some problems of the questionnaire. He has been to my church several Sunday evenings and with his Lithuanian accent and profound respect and genteel manners, calls me "pastor." Cozily seated in his office room in his sister's home, he explains that he wanted some one to whom he could open his mind regarding some points on the questions. Should he claim exemption because he is an alien? I question him. He at first says he will claim it. Then the question comes, which do you love best and which is the best home for you, Lithuanian Russia or America? Oh, pastor, America is much better. Then why do you fail her at this crisis? Alexander is thoughtful. "I will not fail her, I will fight for America!" How grateful he is for the few words of advice given him. He speaks good English and four other languages. I tell him we Baptists are soon to build a Neighborhood House here and explain what we will do in it. He is all enthusiasm and promises to help get the Lithuanian young men to come to learn English there. His sister is very anxious the pastor should be treated well. She speaks to Alexander and he in turn to me, saying, My sister asks if you will please drink a glass of wine with us before you go. When I decline with thanks her face is a study, what can she do? Her best was offered and the American pastor refused—was it meant as a refusal of hospitality or is she wrong in clinging to a custom which is not proper in America? I say to Alexander that I hope his sister will not think me rude, for we Baptists do not believe in using wine of any kind—then I stop short, for I have thought of a serious problem and I change the subject.

Back at the rooms again. Two young men—straight Americans, and their wives, pass through the questions. Both claim exemption for the sake of their families. It was refreshing to speak with them, for they among so many, alone, seem American.

A slender-faced, intelligent young man comes next. As soon as he speaks I find he is from Mother England, yes, from Cornwall and, can it be true? he is a boy-

hood friend of a college chum of mine who came to America some years ago. This man is only too glad to get into the fray for America and the Allied cause. He realizes that, had he been in England, he would have been gone to the front long ago.

Home at 9.30 P.M. I have finished a day full of conflicting emotions and varied thoughts. In my room, and I am thoughtful, solicitous, anxious over this situation which confronts America in her home base. What a place for our proposed Neighborhood House or Christian Center! Strategically located and poorly provided for, these people are going to play no small part in the securing or losing of victory in this war and in the reconstruction of America after it is over. What a privilege it is to meet and know these most interesting people, and enter, so far as possible, into their joys and sorrows, their fears and their aspirations. How shall it be done?

Each day's developments tend to deepen our convictions, who are nearest the task, that this Christianization of America and the Americanization of Christianity cannot be done by means of English-speaking churches or chapels alone. Our business may be to "win souls" but it is the means we must employ which makes the real question. It is futile to try to preach English gospel sermons to these people, for they cannot hear them. But they can understand kindly deeds and friendly attitudes. These implements, then, we must employ. And in order to effectively employ them equipment is necessary. The Christian Center fits the place. We are glad to know that our Home Mission societies are committed to the program and plans will materialize in brick and stone soon. The lots are already bought with Indiana Harbor capital and deeded to the Indiana Baptist Convention. We send out the challenge, will you make it possible for the Societies to do this much needed work?

At the close of the 30 day period for answering questionnaires the workers banqueted together and voted to take steps at once for the forming of Americanization clubs and classes. The legal fraternity is awake to the situation as never before. This development paves the way for the Neighborhood House.

From Buddhism to Christianity

THE following true story is abridged from a report of the Omi Mission in Japan, contained in the little magazine called the *Omi Mustard Seed*. The writer, Mr. Ryoun Kamegai, holds an M.A. degree from the Imperial University in Tokyo. He was born in a Buddhist temple and became master of the temple. While attending the university he lodged in a Buddhist dormitory where he received religious instruction from a famous priest. Of him Mr. Kamegai says:

"He is one of the most thorough religionists, and dashes forward, never admitting any other teaching. But his teaching could not make me believe Buddha, though he taught me earnestly for four years, because Buddhism seemed to me only a theoretical teaching."

His comment on the difference between Buddhism strikes at the root of the matter:

"But Christianity impressed me very deeply, because the teaching of Christ is not only a theory, it is the teaching of fact, that is, of the real life. The movements of the Christian saints, such earnest devotees as Bunyan or Luther or Augustine or the apostle Paul; all these attracted my heart deeply. Moreover, the preaching of Mr. Gumpei Yamamuro, the Salvation Army's officer, seemed to me all jewels. As I look back upon this, I have received the deep grace of God already from those days. When I read 'Pilgrim Progress' I was entirely charmed. Indeed, there is a parable like this in Buddhism too. But that is by no means comparable with this, which shows progress of religious life most minutely.

"After that I became a teacher of the Otaru Middle School in Hokkaido. There I was out of the atmosphere of the religion. But while I was there, every time I had leisure, I read a little of the books of Plato, Eucken, Bergson, Maeterlink, Tagore, etc. They all gave me some conviction for my thoughts. The existence of the future life, that we have all some divine nature in our souls; the existence of the Creator of the world, and our true happiness does not exist in the material world, — these truths I came to be able to believe without a bit

of doubt. But I thought I was still a Buddhist, and I wanted to work for Buddha. But last autumn I heard that Mr. Tsurin Kanamori would come there to preach Christianity specially. As I heard that he was a great, earnest Christian I wanted to see him zealously. I was reading his book "*Shinko no Susume*," — which he wrote, praying, on the way to Japan from America, — while I was waiting his coming. These days residing at the commercial town of Otaru my heart was very thirsty. So I wanted to hear an earnest believer, Buddhist or Christian, it was no matter to me. He came there at last. When I visited him I found him on the mountain military road which leads to the capital of Hokkaido and which passes by his lodging. I saw him walking the road, quietly meditating. I went after him as if I was running after Christ Himself. At the end of September in that North Sea Land at the deep mountain of red leaves I commenced to talk to him first. He heard my story by degrees and gave me kind words, one by one. On returning the talking did not end. At the gate of his lodging, I parted with him, promising to see him next day again. Next day I called on him and told him all the questions I had. He answered me quite well for every question. But I was not persuaded to be a Christian at that time. I told him rather that I had intended to propagate Buddhism all over the world, not only in the East, because Buddhism is for the salvation of the whole creation.

"However, Mr. Kanamori prayed for me, kneeling, at my departure. Strange to say, that prayer contained the infinite sympathy for me and gave my future great light and power."

Mr. Kamegai then details the struggle of his mind between the Buddhist teaching to which he was so deeply attached and the Christ who so mysteriously attracted him:

"From that day I fell in great agony. Because Christ attracts me very deeply, but it is not so easy to throw off the belief of Buddha. Shall I follow Christ? Shall

I serve Buddha? Sometimes I believed Christ as a Saint of Buddhism. Sometimes I thought Buddha's incarnation was Christ. Sometimes building, sometimes destroying, at a loss, perplexed, by any means I could not get the solution. Sometimes I deemed it would be better to make a new religion which would teach the identity of Buddha and Christ. But I am too worthless to make a religion, and I thought such a compromise was not natural, not religious. So I felt earnestly called to take one of the two. But, theoretically, either of the two is excellent. I could not give up either of them. But of course I could not believe the two equally at the same time. In such a way I was perplexed for a very long time. . . .

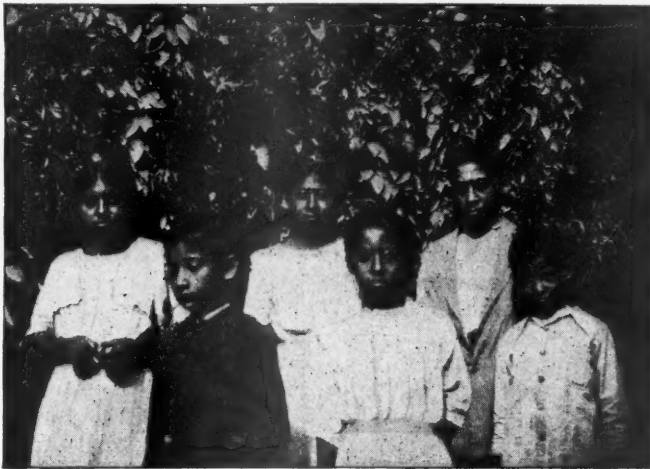
"Then why did I throw away Buddhism like a worn-out sandal and determine to follow only Christ? There must be a deep reason. Though I had heard and read about the salvation of Buddha very deeply, I could not by any means believe it. It seemed to me only a fantasy. Of course it contains many good teachings. And I knew that it would give me grace according to me belief in it. But I could by no means believe the Buddha's salvation as a fact. It seemed to me only a theory. Of course, I could explain about it, and I could be a good Buddhist apparently, if I would. But, could one be saved who could only *explain*, having no *experience* in his soul?

"Only experimental belief can save us. Now the death of Christ is not fantasy or philosophical ideal. It is the real fact, not theory.

"And His love for me, how deep it is! I cannot know the depth of it. The more I know Him the more I can touch the fathomless spring of life, power, love and truth, and I can find the way to live truly. It is now clear to me that all my life was full of the grace. I have been led from childhood. I have lived in his light. The world became full of love, light and power. And the more I read the Bible, the more I proved the teaching of Christ the most splendid in the world. The other teachings cannot be compared with His. At last I discovered that in Christianity all teachings of the world are contained and true life was streaming through it. I could not say how happy I was."

The account is next given of the Providential leading by which the writer came into connection with the Omi Mission, of the opposition and even persecution that followed on the part of old associates, and closes with this confession of faith:

"Now my only way is to follow Christ, and there is no other way to be truly happy. For the first time my whole soul is satisfied by Christ. The more I feel happy, the more I want to be crossed. We must lay down our life for the name of Christ. This is our deepest happiness."



SOME OF OUR MISSION SCHOLARS IN SALVADOR



KATHERINE GROESBECK'S THIRTEENTH BIRTHDAY PARTY

A Page from China and One from Canada

A Birthday Party in South China

Nine little boys and girls in China! All Chinese? Not a bit of it. They are every one just the finest American boys and girls you ever saw, only most of them were born in China, some of them have never lived anywhere else and have never been to a real American school. Do you suppose they know how to read and write? Surely they do, only they must learn their lessons alone and recite them to their fathers and mothers. And what language do they speak? Well, they can do more along that line than you can, for they know English and Chinese too, and are able to talk in both languages.

They have had their pictures taken because they are celebrating the birthday of Katherine Groesbeck, who sits in the front row and is just thirteen years old. You will, of course, want to know who all the others are, so let us begin with the grown-ups because they are so easy to find. The one lonely man is Mr. Lewis; next to him is Mrs. Lewis; then comes Mrs. Hildreth and at the other end is Mrs. Groesbeck, Katherine's mother. The baby in Mrs. Lewis' lap is little Martha, and the little girl whose head you can just see in front of

Mrs. Hildreth is Rebecca Lewis. She is almost hidden by her oldest sister Charlotte. Then comes Katherine Groesbeck and back of her is little Margaret Lewis. George Lewis is tucked in next to Katherine and right back of him is Tracy Groesbeck. David and Mary Lewis are the other two little folks in the front row. Now you can count up all the little Lewises and I am sure you will decide that it must be a very happy and jolly family.

These children live in Chaoyang, which is a large city in South China, where there are more than 300,000 Chinese. There is, therefore, something interesting to do and see every day when lessons are done.

NELLIE G. PRESCOTT.



Unexpected English

Miss Mabel C. Rix, in describing some of her early experiences in Nellore, says that when she took over some duties as housekeeper she hoped to be able to acquire quite a bit of conversational Telugu, but her hopes were dashed when the boys answered her halting vernacular in excellent English. "My only hope now is to try my fortune on strangers," she says.

In Far Western Canada

One of our workers sends in an interesting account of the meeting of the Southwestern Association in Manitoba:

I have just returned from the meeting held at Reston. It was my first meeting of the kind in this great western country, and I had looked forward with a keen anticipation of some new and surprising things. I was not disappointed. The surprise was even greater than I had expected. About a dozen churches are included in the Association, scattered over an area of 150 miles east to west, and half that distance from north to south.

The railway connections in southern Manitoba are rather poor. Many of the trains run only three days of the week, and sometimes a man has to lie over a day, waiting for his connections. Mr. A. K. Dunlop of Boissevain had to travel for

two days to reach Reston on the afternoon of the second day of the Association. There were 18 delegates present from outside of the entertaining church. The weather was said to be typical of Manitoba. I did not see a thermometer, but I could hardly realize that it was zero weather. However, when one stepped out into the strong wind blowing from the southeast, it felt as though it might be not less than 100 below zero. The furnace in the church was kept going at top speed, but the audience separated itself into three groups around the three registers.

The moderator, Rev. A. F. Newcomb, pastor of the First Church of Brandon, was not privileged to have a register at his feet, as it was necessary for him to sit at the front; and therefore he put on his big coonskin coat, drew the collar up around his ears, and either put on big fur mits, or else used the sleeves of the coat as muffs for the protection of his hands; and thus he presided over the deliberations.

The group of pastors present indicated a fine type of leadership in the Baptist work of southern Manitoba. There was Rev. A. F. Newcomb of Brandon First Church, a bishop in very truth, and the associate pastor, Rev. H. T. Wright. There was Rev. John Scott, pastor of the church at Reston—a great man with a great passion for the work of Christ. There was Rev. H. D. Riggs of Hartley, who had a large delegation with him—a sane and safe leader with high ideals for his church. Rev. A. K. Dunlop has recently come from eastern Canada to Boissevain, and is showing himself a good man for that important church. Rev. Duncan Ritchie is the latest acquisition, coming from Alberta to Medora, and the people are full of new hope and strong courage because of his coming. He did a great work in the church in Alberta from which he came. These men are all fit leaders for just the type of work they have undertaken, and they are heroes every one of them. The churches are small and far apart, and association meetings are rare, sometimes impossible; but these men go straight forward with their work, in order to give the gospel to the people of this new country that some of these days is going to develop a marvelous power.



REV. A. G. NEWCOMB DRESSED AS HE PRESIDED AT THE ASSOCIATION

Utah a Rich Country

BY REV. W. H. BOWLER

UTAH, the great gateway between the Middle West and the Pacific States, is of great strategic importance in conquering the world for Christ. Her 85,000 square miles of mountains, valleys and deserts are being rapidly transformed by a growing population, now numbering nearly 450,000. Her mountains are weighted with precious metals; her valleys are being filled with cities; and her deserts are being converted into fertile fields.

From her mines pour forth annually 15,000,000 tons of ore, the value of which is over \$105,000,000. The dividends from the mining industry alone in Utah were nearly \$25,000,000 in 1917, and have reached a grand total of over \$107,000,000. The total of property values of the State is over one half billion dollars. This enormous wealth, \$1,180 per capita, is indeed a peril unless with the full pocket-book there is a heart full of Christian love.

Many organizations of various sects and denominations are working in the state, but the great mass of the people are untouched by the pure gospel. Less than ten per cent of the cities are evangelized; out of more than 500 cities, towns and villages, less than 100 have any Protestant Christian work. There are 121 towns having a population of 200 and over, and fifteen cities of 1,000 population and above, that have no established Christian church or Sunday school. Towns of like size in Kansas, Iowa and Eastern States would have from two to six churches, while these souls are left to feed upon the false teachings that pervert the true Word of God. In the northern part of the state are three counties, two of which have no church work, and the third has only one small church organization. In the southern part, lying together, are five large counties, the combined area of which is greater than the total area of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and Delaware, yet in this vast territory there are only one small church and two small Sunday schools. The above eight counties have a combined population of nearly

35,000. How great indeed the destitution, and it is all in our beloved America. First, in all Judea and Samaria, said the Master.

One vital need is the development of the Mission Station idea. The minister is located in an important center, and with the assistance of a woman missionary and automobile, maintains preaching services and Sunday schools at a number of outlying points. This is the economical way, since a missionary may double his usefulness, and thus give the full gospel to a greater number of souls. Autos and women missionaries are needed badly. Could not your church support a woman worker at the cost of \$600 a year?

More colporters, with strong evangelistic gifts, are sorely needed to distribute religious books and literature, hold meetings, establish Sunday schools and do the general pioneering work. The work of the Publication Society and the Home Mission Society have been very fruitful, but more workers for this line of work are needed: May the Lord "send forth reapers."

In this state are 270,000 Mormons, or 60 per cent of the total population; 20,000 Catholics, and 144,000 not affiliated with any religious organization; a total of 434,000 unevangelized. Think of it! Pray about it! Ninety-six per cent of the total population without Christ in heart or home!

In Answer to a Correspondent from Abroad

If our advice was asked, we should say that it was exceedingly unwise for American missionaries in one foreign country to animadvert upon the governmental policies or motives of any other country, or to draw comparisons between peoples that must make somebody feel injured. It may be difficult not to express one's opinions on political matters, but the missionary should seek to obey the injunction to be as wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove. It is so easy to create misunderstanding and ill-will—so hard to be Christian in spirit and deed.

Gospel Trophies in Mission Fields

From Persecutor to Penitent

The following story of a remarkable conversion comes from Rev. W. C. Taylor, a missionary of the Southern Baptists in Pernambuco, Brazil. He is telling of the Baptist church in Paulista, where the candidates are asked, for one thing, if they will tithe. He goes on:

The most thrilling experience told is that of a woman. She has been the arch persecutor of that little group, a notorious companion in sin of the manager of the great mill. She was in a position to cause the believers great annoyance, and when they gathered for worship, like that arch spirit that also went up with the sons of God, she was there with her crowd of disturbers and would dance before the church door. The believers began to pray for her conversion. Thus emboldened, they went in groups to her home and read the Bible. She only scoffed and laughed them to scorn. But their persistent and patient efforts sent conviction to her heart. She became interested in the Gospel. She was saved. She at once left her old life and moved to Pernambuco to work. But presently she went back to the old haunts of sin and bitter hatred of the gospel to testify to its cleansing power in her soul. She joined the despised band of believers and was baptized in the river before the town which knew her old life and knows the new, and then took a letter to one of our churches here, where she now seeks an honorable livelihood. The little low-roofed house was packed to the limit that day. And though Brazilians are not much given to tears, saint and sinner wept as a great sinner told of her great Saviour. Soon afterwards the baptizing took place. Five hundred people walked a mile down the river and the congressman who owns the town rode down to see the new Christians put on Christ in baptism. And this was in a place known for years as one city where no Protestant could live. The

church grew out of the family worship of a few Baptist mill-hands who knew not fear of man.

A Japanese Pilgrim's Progress

A Japanese Christian gave a copy of Pilgrim's Progress to his brother-in-law, the manager of a large business, but a profligate man of worthless character. This man turned the copy over to his clerk, who read the book, but asked his employer what it meant. Ashamed to confess ignorance, he got his Christian brother-in-law to read a few pages with him each evening so that he could answer the clerk's questions.

This led to the gift of a Bible and the forming of a circle for Bible study consisting of the whole family. When the proprietor of the business heard what his manager was studying, he was furious and began a series of petty persecutions. Sometimes he would take a bottle of wine and sit in the Bible study circle drinking. Sometimes he would sprinkle salt over them to purify them, as he said. Again, he would knock the women over and beat them, or he would hire a man to sit in the doorway whetting a sword, and would tell his two daughters of twelve and fourteen that he was going to kill them with it. At length he called in his relatives and consulted as to what they should do with the manager; they decided that he ought to be discharged. But this solution was not so easy to carry out as it appeared, for not only both the maid-servants but also the head-clerk, and even the proprietor's own wife, declared that they would all leave if the manager was sent away. The consultations and opposition kept up with more or less vehemence for five or six months, till November, 1905, when they ceased; and the manager, the head-clerk, the proprietor's wife, his concubine, his eldest daughter and the two maid-servants were all baptized, and received into the

church, the concubine having left the house some time before and entered a sewing-school taught by a Christian woman. After baptism the study of the New Testament was begun and was continued daily. This household is still active in the study of the Scriptures and in Christian work.

The manager's fondness for Pilgrim's Progress continues because through it he was led to believe, and he says now of any Christian who does not believe and act according to the way laid down in that book that his faith is diseased. His favorite hymn is "He leadeth me, oh, blessed thought," because, he says, it is Pilgrim's Progress condensed.

The proprietor himself has recently become interested and has adopted the above as his favorite hymn, saying, "If a man sings that, he will not sin." He does not drink as much as he did and his very appearance seems changed. The manager is greatly rejoiced and says, "Just as I was led to God by Pilgrim's Progress, so my master is being led to him by this hymn, which is a condensed Pilgrim's Progress."

About the year 1908 a missionary lady said that she had never known any Japanese really study this marvellous book without sooner or later being led to Christ as a result.



BUDDHA'S HEAD, WEST CHINA. ONE OF THE MOST RENOWNED OF THE SHRINES OF THIS FOUNDER OF A RELIGION THAT HAS PROFOUNDLY INFLUENCED THE EAST

THE BAPTIST WAR COMMISSION

Religious Instruction in Camps

Dr. Clarence A. Barbour, President of Rochester Theological Seminary, some time ago spent two months at Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, South Carolina. Describing his experiences, he says:

First of all note this significant fact. Chaplains and Y. M. C. A. secretaries combine their forces as a unit in service to the soldiers. In a group of 30,000 men, suddenly detached from home and friends and business occupations, there is abundant opportunity for chaplains and secretaries to fill every wakeful hour with positive and eager ministry for the social and moral welfare of our boys under arms, without wasting a single moment in rivalries or idiotic bickerings. It is pleasant to report that such things find *for themselves neither time nor place.*

Again the relationship established and cultivated between the chaplains and secretaries and the pastors of the churches in close proximity to the camps is fraternal and truly Christian. These Christian forces representing three departments of service have joined heart and hand in genuine team work. They are endeavoring to do everything within their separate or combined power to serve their country and their Christ, through service of their brother-men who are going forth to serve humanity. They are seeking to cheer and gird these men: to hold before them the very highest ideals and to have them know that the tremendous sacrifices they are making are appreciated by those who remain at home.

The local churches are seizing hold of the opportunity afforded to extend royal Christian greeting to not a few of the boys far from friends and home. Scores of men are found on the Lord's Day in the various congregations of Spartanburg. Invitations are freely given and joyfully accepted in many homes at the dinner hour after the morning service. Temporary membership is offered and accepted in

not a few of the churches. Practically all of the churches have thrown open their buildings as rest rooms and writing rooms for the troops. Receptions are frequently held for a specified number of men, perhaps 100 or 150 from a regiment. Several of the churches have put benches on the lawns in front of the church edifices, and many of the soldiers take advantage of this hospitality.

Directory of Camp Pastors

War Commission, Northern Baptist Convention
F. F. Peterson (Camp Devens), Ford Building, Boston, Mass.

J. S. Sowers (Camp Meade), Annapolis, Md.
J. W. Decker (Camp Lee), Petersburg, Va., 222 Franklin St.

E. J. Smith (Camp Jackson), Columbia, S. C., care First Baptist church.

J. O. Johnston (Camp Pike), Little Rock, Ark., 410 Hallenberg Building.

R. M. Traver (Camp Custer), Battle Creek, Mich., Baptist Club Rooms.

C. W. Fletcher (Camp Custer), Battle Creek, Mich., Baptist Club Rooms.

J. W. Hoyt (Camp Sherman), Chillicothe, Ohio, care First Baptist church.

Floyd J. Beckwith (Camp Dodge), Grimes, Iowa, Hyperion Club, R.F.D.

H. L. Winburn (Camp Taylor), Louisville, Ky., Walnut Street Baptist church.

Carl D. Case (Camp Funston), Fort Riley, Kas., care First Baptist church.

F. E. R. Miller (Camp Grant), Rockford, Ill., 515 Indian Terrace.

B. G. Holloway (Camp Travis), San Antonio, Texas, Gibbs Building.

M. E. Bollen (Camp Lewis), Tacoma, Wash., care Y. M. C. A.

T. S. Potts (Camp Stanley), San Antonio, Texas, Gibbs Building.

R. L. Powers (Camp Beauregard), Pinoville, La., care First Baptist church.

R. W. McCann (Kelly Field), San Antonio, Texas, Gibbs Building.

T. H. Sprague (Camp Greene), Charlotte, N. C., General Delivery.

D. B. MacQueen (Camp Cody), Deming, N. M., Box 165.

J. Dean Crain (Camp Sevier), Greenville, S. C., care First Baptist church.

E. D. Solomon (Camp Shelby), Hattiesburg, Miss., care Y. M. C. A.

S. J. Skevington (Camp Logan), Houston, Texas, care Y. M. C. A.

Fred E. Morgan (Camp Kearny), San Diego, Cal., 4188 Georgia St.

J. M. Wiley (Camp Doniphan), Lawton, Okla., 204 First National Bank.

Charles A. Fulton (Camp Wadsworth), Spartanburg, S. C.

A. Foltz (Camp MacArthur), Waco, Texas, care First Baptist church.

R. D. Licklider (Camp MacArthur), Waco, Texas, Columbus Street Baptist church.

B. B. Blaylock (Camp Bowie), Fort Worth, Texas, care First Baptist church.

J. O. Bovee (Camp Bremerton), Bremerton, Wash., General Delivery.

A. J. Haughey (League Island Navy Yard).

FOOD CONSERVATION PAGE

**HAVE YOU RECEIVED THE NEW HOME CARD? ARE YOU
OBSERVING ITS TWO WHEATLESS AND TWO MEATLESS DAYS?**

Do not confound substitution with sacrifice. The heart of real religion is the principle of sacrifice, and we should be ready for it at the call of country and duty; but we have not been asked for any sacrifice as yet in food conservation. The sacrifice

is in the giving of sons, husbands, brothers, fathers. And that sacrifice will be far worse than in vain if we do not supply them and their comrades in arms with bread and meat. Let us realize that it is either Send or Surrender.



WE MARCH SIDE BY SIDE — SOLDIERS AND SUPPLIES. TOGETHER WE WILL WIN THE RIGHTEOUS WAR

Hang This in Your Kitchen

UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION HOME CARD 1918

Trade Where You See This
Emblem



Eat Where You See This
Emblem

WHAT YOU CAN DO TO HELP WIN THIS WAR

Our Problem is to feed the Allies and our own soldiers abroad by sending them as much food as we can of the most concentrated nutritive value in the least shipping space. These foods are wheat, beef, pork, butter and sugar.

Our Solution is to eat less of these and as little of all foods as will support health and strength. All saving counts for victory.

The Food Administration asks every loyal American to help win the war by maintaining rigidly, as a *minimum of saving*, the following program:

Have **TWO WHEATLESS DAYS** (Monday and Wednesday) in every week, and **ONE WHEATLESS MEAL** in every day.

EXPLANATION — On "Wheatless" days and in "Wheatless" meals of other days use no crackers, pastry, macaroni, breakfast food or other cereal food containing wheat, and use no wheat flour in any form except the small amount that may be needed for thickening soups or gravies, or for a binder in corn bread and other cereal breads. As to *bread*, if you bake it at home, use other cereals than wheat, and if you buy it, buy only *war bread*. Our object is, that we should buy and consume one-third less wheat products than we did last year.

Have **ONE MEATLESS DAY** (Tuesday) in every week and **ONE MEATLESS MEAL** in every day. Have **TWO PORKLESS DAYS** (Tuesday and Saturday) in every week.

EXPLANATION — "Meatless" means without any cattle, hog or sheep products. On other days use mutton and lamb in preference to beef or pork. "Porkless" means without pork, bacon, ham, lard or pork products, fresh or preserved. Use fish, poultry and eggs. As a nation we eat and waste nearly twice as much meat as we need.

Make every day a **FAT-SAVING DAY** (Butter, lard, lard-substitutes, etc.)

EXPLANATION — Fry less; bake, broil, boil or stew foods instead. Save meat drippings; use these and vegetable oils for cooking instead of butter. Butter has food values vital to children; therefore give it to them. Use it only on the table. Waste no soap; it is made from fat. Be careful of all fats. We use and waste two and a half times as much fat as we need.

Make every day a **SUGAR-SAVING DAY**.

EXPLANATION — Use less sugar. Less sweet drinks and candy containing sugar should be used in war time. As a nation we have used twice as much sugar as we need.

Use **FRUITS, VEGETABLES and POTATOES** abundantly.

EXPLANATION — These foods are healthful and plentiful, and, at the same time, partly take the place of other foods which we must save. Raise all you can for home use.

Use **MILK** wisely.

EXPLANATION — Use all of the milk; waste no part of it. The children must have whole milk. Use sour and skim milk in cooking and for cottage cheese.

HOARDING FOOD. Any one buying and holding a larger supply of food now than in peace time, except foods canned, dried or preserved in the home, is helping to defeat the Food Administration in its attempt to secure a just distribution of food and the establishment of fair prices. The food hoarder is working against the common good and even against the very safety of the country. Hoarding food in households is both selfish and unnecessary; the Government is protecting the food supply of its people.

Loyalty in little things is the foundation of the national strength. **DISLOYALTY IN LITTLE THINGS GIVES AID TO THE ENEMY. KEEP THE PLEDGE.**

Do not limit the food of growing children.

Eat sufficient food to maintain health; the nation needs strong people.

Cooperate with your local and Federal food administrators. Take their advice.

Preach and practice the "gospel of the clean plate." Housekeepers should help the stores to cut down deliveries.

Use local supplies; this saves railroad transportation.

Report to the nearest food administration officer the name and address of any person discouraging the production or saving of food.

THE HELPING HAND

EDITED BY
HELEN BARRETT MONTGOMERY

WITH THE EDITOR

The first, middle and last topic in the minds of those responsible for missionary work is the bringing out of the Prayer Reserves. Unless the denomination can be led to take the present conditions seriously, unless our giving can be vitalized by a great outpouring of loyalty to the cause of Christ, the close of the year may see reverses on the missionary field more serious in their influence on the world's progress than the loss of a battle by our soldiers would be to the nation.

Only prayer can awaken and sober the church. Are we praying?

* *

A strong pastor in California said to his church last year, "Let us use all the plans and agencies that have been successful in the past for our missionary giving; and in addition, in the Sunday school, in the young people's society, in the missionary organizations, at the family altar, in secret and in public service, let us pray that God will enable us to do more generously for this great cause." The result was that the church doubled its gifts to missions.

* *

We are asked to unite with a multitude at noon-tide each day in putting up a prayer to God for the cause of missions. Associations are uniting to pray for one another's success in meeting and passing their missionary goal. Little groups of women are meeting daily. Shut-ins are

finding their invalid's room their royal throne of intercession. Are you a member of this greatest branch of the service, or is this the letter you would write?

"I am sorry that I cannot get any of the women to sign the prayer pledge, they do not seem to think it will do much good, and say they are too busy with the Red Cross."

Or this:

"I cannot interest our women in getting recruits for our Missionary Society. They say that about all those who would naturally be interested are already members "and it is no use to try to get others."

Do we need a fresh vision of responsibility? Supposing the United States Army were recruited and maintained as we recruit and maintain the missionary cause! Supposing!

* *

A new vision is dawning. Our daughters are catching it first. A little group of World Wide Guild girls learned that one of the Home Missionaries had been five years on her field without a single convert. They began to support her, individually and in group meetings, in persistent believing prayer. Already the answer has come in such abundant measure that they are encouraged to cooperate still further in prayer.

* *

I am wondering if there are not others who are touched by Mrs. Frederickson's appeal for her shivering schoolgirls in Africa. The natives of that tropical land suffer as severely when trying to sleep without bedding in the cool season, when the thermometer goes down to fifty, as

would we in winter weather. The teachers found the girls huddled together so cold and shivering that they could not sleep, and shared their own bedding with them. I felt so sure that stamps would come down in showers that I ordered the blankets sent. I hope they are already there warming the bodies and the hearts of those little black schoolgirls. Meanwhile, don't some of you want to help pay the thirty or forty dollars still owing? Mrs. Wellwood's organ is provided. Money has come in to meet Dr. Farber's need. Now all together for the "African Mail." Don't ask any one for a large amount, a stamp from each one will not be a burden, and many stamps will pay the bill.

Of course I mean new, unused, quite proper United States postage stamps, one, two, or three cents.

This gift is just a little love offering which does not count in any statistics, or apportionment or budget, except perhaps where Jesus counts the cups of cold water given in His name.

* *

Mrs. James E. Angell of Waverly, the beloved State Secretary of Western New York, is recovering slowly from the effects of a serious accident. Her many friends are grateful that her precious life was spared, and are praying for her complete restoration to health.

* *

Mrs. Peabody has written for us a wonderful Easter Message. It is to be printed as attractively as her "Christmas Message for a World at War." You may remember that this was issued by the World Alliance for International Friendship. The entire edition was sold out within a week of its publication. Those desiring a beautiful and inspiring Easter Greeting should send in advance orders to the Literature Department in Chicago or Boston. The price is 5 cents single copy, 50 cents a dozen, \$3.50 a hundred.

* *

If you have not read the first of a series of six articles on Foreign Missions which Tyler Dennet is writing in *Asia* you have missed a treat. The article is entitled "What Asia Thinks of Missionaries."

The magazine *Asia* is the organ of the Asiatic Society, a commercial organization. It is published by the Asia Publishing Co., 627 Lexington Ave., New York City, \$2 per annum.

A Letter from France

Dear Friends:

I come this time to speak about the situation of the admirable Bible Woman your grant allows us to have. Without her help I do not know what we should have done. Instead of sparing us a small part of her time, she consecrates all to the Master and has refused a very advantageous position to be able to help the work here. Seeing how the price of everything has doubled and trebled we think that the \$10 monthly grant is absolutely insufficient, and though she has never complained, we think it is only fair to this servant of God to increase her salary. This is why I come to you asking whether, at least for the duration of the war, the W. A. B. F. M. S. cannot do something for Madam Chevallier. Her husband is on the front since November, 1914. He has won the "Croix de Guerre" but has lost his former excellent position and can do nothing with his five cents a day to help his wife and girlie. Madam Chevallier is a very able woman and would, in these times of high wages, easily earn \$50 a month. Would not it be fair to give her at least \$20? We do not see the possibility of taking the difference from our church funds, as war has seriously diminished the resources of our church members. It is why I come to you and through you ask my sisters of America to give to this dear and consecrated woman a proof of their true sympathy and love in lightening the burden the war has put on her shoulders. Thanking you for your sympathy which you have so warmly expressed and persuaded that you will not fail to do your utmost for the Lord's work in our poor, bleeding country, I am yours in His service,

M. BLOCHER.

At a recent meeting of the Foreign Department of our Society this letter was read and our women immediately voted the additional appropriation of \$120 to be added to Madam Chevallier's present

meagre salary. This action was taken with the full assurance that there would be some Baptist woman who would be glad to make this additional contribution to provide for this brave, consecrated woman



SOME OF THE GIRLS ON THE TRAMP TO
KWANSHIEN

in France. The money should be sent as soon as possible to Miss Alice E. Stedman, Ford Building, Boston, Mass.

Christianity in Chinese Environment

Mrs. Emma Inveen Upcraft gives this beautiful description of one of the incidents of a week's tramp in the mountains with eleven girls from the Government Girls' Normal School at Chengtu:

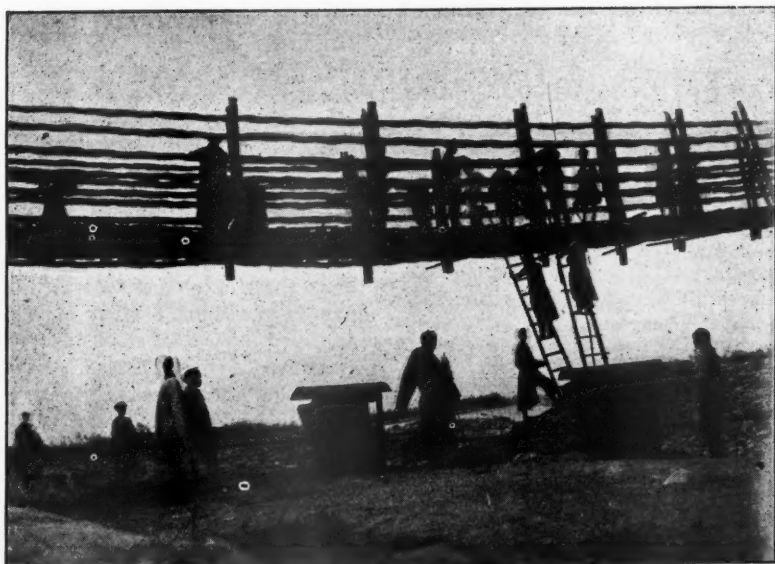
The third evening we were in the Memorial Temple, and a missionary friend of the town joined us with her organ. Out in the Temple courtyard, surrounded by ancient trees, with the great moon looking down on us out of God's beautiful heaven, we sat and sang or tried to sing two lines in English of "Holy, holy, holy," and a few Chinese hymns, and then closed with a few words of prayer — the first that most of them had ever heard. They retired to sleep the sleep of youth on the hard boards of the Temple floor, to awaken next morning ready for another ten-mile tramp.

They Understand the Reason

Mrs. Upcraft was talking with some Chinese schoolgirls about the liberty that has come in a measure to the women and girls of China, and how forty years ago such liberty was not dreamed of. "How is it that you have it now?" "Because Jesus has come to China," was the prompt



AN OLD TOMB IN A PARK. PHOTO BY ONE OF THE GIRLS ON THE KWANSHIEN TRIP



BAMBOO ROPE BRIDGE: AN EXPERIENCE OF THE TRAMP

reply. She says these girls are interested in such subjects as the present political unrest, the weaknesses of the new government, the American Revolution and Civil War, the European War and its causes, Japanese aggression, the marriage laws of China, America and England, and the Gospel of Jesus and the hope of His coming. "Is it not wonderful that Chinese girls are able to talk on such subjects intelligently?" she asks. It is, and we wonder how many American girls would be apt to do it.

From China to Burma

FOR THE JUNIORS

Mrs. C. E. Tompkins, describing the kindergarten work at Suifu, West China, says the five swings on the wide porch have given the children untold pleasure. "When you realize that not one of these children has not ever before in its life had the pleasure of 'going up in a swing, up in the air so blue,' you can understand how they love the swings and why our kindergarten with its many opportunities for games and exercise is a place of joy to every child who comes within its doors."

She tells this: Some little friends in America sent us a toy steamboat which

can be wound up with a key and we have had wonderful journeys on our little steamer as it bravely plied its way about in a tub of water! One day as we were planning a journey to America I asked the children what kind of a boat we should take. Some thought the Chinese houseboat with the trackers on shore pulling it with bamboo ropes the best. When I explained the difficulty of "tracking" a boat across the Pacific, they decided on rowboats, sailboats and some thought a steamer would be fine. Then came the problem of running the steamer and immediately they all said, "Why, wind it up with a key and make it go." Thus would these small people cross the Pacific and pay you a visit!

RED CROSS WORK IN BURMA

Miss Margaret M. Sutherland of Kemedine, Burma, says the girls and teachers are doing quite a lot of Red Cross work. They have knit 23 mufflers two yards long (have 15 more to knit), and are knitting 10 pairs of socks. I thought I could not teach more than ten how to knit socks at one time. Not one had ever attempted it before, but one teacher took it upon herself to learn how to knit the socks and has taught every one of the others.

THE LORD'S REMEMBRANCERS

For What Shall We Pray?

BY NELLIE G. PRESCOTT

The Secretary sat at her desk and studied the uninteresting sky line of the big, red brick hotel, a block away. The foreign mail, just received, was piled high at her elbow but she was loath to open those censored envelopes. She knew, without reading, many of the things which they contained, and she knew the kind of letter she would, of necessity, dictate in reply: "The Foreign Department regrets that there is no young woman to send to your assistance—you must labor on alone even though you are breaking down;" or, "Five missionaries packed into three sleeping rooms in an oriental country is, of course, uncomfortable, but there is no money to build a new house"; or, "We sympathize with you in that you must turn away eager girls who are applying for admittance into our Christian school and watch a Buddhist school open its doors across the street, but there is no money that we can appropriate now."

With the package of mail lay several cablegrams from Japan, China and Burma, three of them asking, nay, insisting, that reinforcements be sent at once—and one bringing the sad news of the death of a beloved missionary.

As the secretary sat studying the sky line, there were ringing in her ears the words in a letter recently received—"For what shall we pray?" And it seemed as though she passed into a great throng of women of all ages who pressed upon her with the words:

"We are intercessors before the throne of Grace. For what shall we pray?"

Pray as you have never prayed before that God's kingdom may come upon the earth; and that Baptist churches may realize their own share in this work and rise to accept, irrevocably, their own opportunities and responsibilities.

Pray that the opportunities for service

may assume the value of glorious calls from God and may pass beyond the realm of pleas, appeals, and cold, stern duty.

Pray that the ground on which we stand today in the world's crisis may be Holy Ground to us, for we shall never pass this way again.

Pray for the Orient turning to Jesus Christ, ignorant of Him and yet knowing that in the Christ of the Christian lies the salvation of the world.

Pray for the girls' school in Japan, so suddenly bereft of its beloved leader, Miss Whitman, that a successor may be found, and that the reinforcements so sorely needed in our Japanese Mission, both in men and women, may be secured.

Pray that the four evangelistically trained women may be found for East China; the two for South China; the one for Burma.

Pray that two teachers may be willing to go to Assam to start a new Christian school where there is none now; that a music teacher may volunteer for East China; a nurse and two teachers for West China; a nurse and four teachers for South India and Bengal-Orissa; three teachers for Burma.

Pray largely that the one hundred new missionaries asked for between now and 1921 may all volunteer and go to the Orient to take up work which is waiting for them.

Pray that the opportunities for Christian education in China may be accepted—that the plan for a Middle (High) School in West China may be prospered; that the girls' schools at Ningpo and Shaohsing may have the needed new buildings to give room and chance for growth, and that the \$30,000 to \$40,000 required for this purpose may be given.

Pray that South China's need may be met and that the gospel may be carried to all the little villages and big towns where literally thousands sit in darkness waiting for the light and where the appeals of the Chinese Christians for help are almost more than heart can bear.

Pray that it may be possible so to staff our stations in Burma that the harvest may be reaped, that the fields which are so white may not yield their fruitage in vain.

Pray that the Christians in India may be strong, willing to work for their own church support, ready to withstand temptation; that those who are eager to hear the gospel in the villages and jungle towns may have teachers given them; that the plans for the Deccan Training School may be well laid and a strong, successful school established.

Pray that our medical work for women in India may be strengthened, our medical force increased, and a larger work established.

Pray for the Ellen Mitchell Memorial Hospital at Moulmein, the first hospital of its kind in Burma, as it opens its doors to the sick and needy in the spring of 1918; for the little staff of three—the young American woman doctor and nurse and the Talain nurse.

Pray that the \$25,000 promised for the first woman's hospital in Suifu, West China, may be gladly given by Baptist women who have experienced the measureless blessing of the healing and the comfort of a modern hospital.

Pray for the Bengal-Orissa field so depleted in workers, yet with a work which grows larger each day; for Assam, that the plans for the new schools at Jorhat and in the Valley may be realized and the teachers and money secured.

Pray that our missionaries in Africa may be given health and strength to endure the unusual conditions; that God may watch over them as they attempt the dangerous journey on the high seas, and that the African Christians may grow strong in their Christian life during this prolonged period of testing.

Pray for all of our Union Schools and Colleges that the young women students may develop into well trained leaders; that the Union Medical College for Women in China may be soon opened.

Pray that money may be given for a large educational fund, the income to be used to provide scholarships for our young women struggling to fit themselves for foreign mission service; for our mis-

sionaries at home on furlough so in need of graduate courses in our schools and colleges; for Baptist students who come from the Orient to this country to prepare themselves for more responsible positions.

Pray that every dollar now needed before the first of April may be contributed; that there may be no withholding of the money which has been entrusted to us; that we may attune our expenditures to the world's need and realize what its great need is—Jesus Christ.

Pray that the grand total of \$3,000,000 which our Woman's Foreign Mission Society needs before the end of 1921 to enable it to enter the open doors for service in the Orient may be raised.

Pray that Baptists may not be behind other Christians in their vision of the world's need and in sacrificial giving, but may do their full share in the hastening of the Kingdom.

The secretary's thoughts came back to the sky-line and then to her desk, for a mail-carrier stood by her side and was saying: "Registered letters from China. Please sign."

With the reality of the need of prayer pressing upon her and with the knowledge that all these prayers of which she had been thinking were still unanswered, the secretary thanked God for the intercessors, for those whose petitions ascend daily to the Heavenly Father who hears His children when they call upon Him with all the intensity of a great and absorbing love.

"If ye have faith and doubt not."

Note.—It is suggested that intercessors copy or cut out this list of requests for prayer and paste them in the prayer calendar, and that they be used in the weekly gatherings of intercessors.

A Novel Way of Telling When It Was Sunday

The only Christian woman in an Indian village had a novel way of telling when it was Sunday. Her work was separating flax fibres, and what she separated in a day was wound in a skein; so when she had six skeins she knew next day would be Sunday and she would not work on that day. In this way she kept count of the Sundays for several years.



GIRLS OF THE NINGPO SCHOOL WITH THEIR CHRISTMAS DOLLS

With Our School Girls in Ningpo

BY DORA ZIMMERMAN

THEIR FIRST SERENADE

Do you remember the first time you were ever serenaded? If you ask our girls the same question they will probably smile and tell again about the night when the Y. M. C. A. boys came down and sang a Christmas hymn for them. Excited? They certainly were. We were in the midst of our Y. W. C. A., and the girl who was speaking thought she ought to go on with her talk until I suggested that the boys were evidently singing for us and it would be polite to listen and clap when they finished. Some of them ran to open the windows to let the sound in, and when some conservative soul said they were probably singing for the Woman's School, one of these replied, "Their faces are this way." I assured them that it was the Y. M. C. A. and that their Principal, Mr. Wilcox, was doubtless with them. One teacher replied, "Yes, and our Principal is with us, so it must be all right." When I suggested that we sing them something in return their joy was unbounded and they sang one of the Christmas songs they had sung at the church in the morning. And Mr. Wilcox told me later that they sang it better than his boys had ever sung it.

TRUE CHRISTMAS DELIGHT

Christmas began about the first of November, when we decided to make it a time for giving to His needy ones instead



WOMEN TEACHERS OF THE SARAH BATCHELOR
MEMORIAL SCHOOL

of merely receiving. I told them how you in America have a tree in June sometimes and bring your gifts to the church and then ship them in boxes out to them. And I am sure they thoroughly enjoyed making the quilts, cotton wadded clothes, shoes, stockings and mittens, which we wrapped in red paper and laid at the foot of the red cross to be distributed later by the committee.

They came over at daybreak as usual to sing carols for us and the other foreigners. Then at morning prayers we presented the enlarged picture of Miss Covert which Helen presented to the school. See how I still say just "Helen" even though she is now Mrs. Scott? And when they had finished their little program at the school in the afternoon, it was with peculiar pleasure that Miss Hill and I distributed the dolls, bags, books, handkerchiefs, water-colors, hairpins, etc., that our kind friends had sent us.

We have seven women teachers and we had wrapped and rewrapped their hairpins, making them very different in shape and size with each different wrapping and addressing them to a different teacher each time. They had never had such an experience and they enjoyed the fun of opening these foolish bundles almost more than the pleasure of getting things much more worth while.

SHAKESPEARE IN CHINA

How many of you have studied "The Winter's Tale"? Real Shakespeare is a bit deep for our Chinese girls, who have more than they can do to handle simple conversational English, so we read it in "Lamb's Tales" and then the girls themselves dramatized it in present-day English. If you are a lover of the real play you would have been shocked to hear all the modernisms, but they all enjoyed it immensely and gave it very well. We felt we scored a triumph the day they gave it, for the girls and their teacher from the big Government Normal School in the city came twenty strong in spite of the pouring rain. We have invited them several times and I have been so eager to get in touch with them, but heretofore they never were allowed to come. This time Miss Hill and I went in person to

invite them and took Faith Tong and Jennie (Ze-hyang) Moh with us. We came away discouraged and had no hope that they would come, so you may know how pleased we were to have them turn out in the rain. Twenty of the Presbyterian girls and teachers came also and Mr. Wilcox with his six senior boys and several teachers. Representatives from several very high-up families were here also, so we felt we must be getting quite a reputation in English. That and the music are the things that attract, and we try to make it good so as to draw the best people to the school as students.

Christ sends us here to fish for girls and we feel the first requisite is to have good bait. That is one reason why we are so eager to get our new buildings. Are you helping interest people in this new plant of ours? Remember ours is a partnership business, I handle the line but you furnish the bait, and God gives the increase.

Six Schemes for Successful Study

Prepared by Clara C. Mingus for Baptist Missionary Workers of South Dakota

1. The usual way. This may be a very good way or a most unsatisfactory one. Its merit is determined by the manner in which the leader handles it.
2. Dialogs. This method is not applicable to all lessons but may be used occasionally.
3. A lesson from MISSIONS. Be careful of this. The lesson must result in a desire for further reading and in a deeper interest in missionary and evangelistic work.
4. The Lecture Method. Before the leader begins her short entertaining "Lecture," let her show on the blackboard or large sheet of paper, the topics upon which she is to talk, telling the class that she will question them briefly on each, at the close. Pencils and cards for notes help.
5. The Lecture-question Method. Before beginning, let leader show on board, or on papers passed to each, a list of questions. These questions must be answered definitely by leader, in course of lecture. Afterwards, the class may stand in line and answer them in turn.
6. Some sort of picture machine.

NOTES:

The best "Method" is a leader or teacher who really cares for what she is to teach and who feels that she has a message which others need and want. We must go to God before we go to our meeting.

Easter Time in Japan

BY HELEN W. MUNROE

Easter time in Japan, and all the fields are green, every tree is bursting into bloom, birds are singing, butterflies are fluttering, and all nature is clean and bright and new and beautiful. Cherry blossoms, pink and white, petals flying filling the air with snow, a warm breeze blowing in at the open window—such was Easter morning, bright with hope and promise, if one could read in nature the resurrection story. Yet strange to say, though the story is so plain and year by year it is told again and again in budding tree and springing flower, in lands like this it never gets its meaning nor gives its meaning to darkened souls until there comes to them the message of love and death and life through life's one interpreter, Christ.

And so, here in Japan, though cherries bloomed and buds unfolded, they could not tell their message, and human hearts cannot understand, and human lives are clouded with sin and sorrow and superstition. Even on that very day those clouds hung low, for this year April eighth, Easter Day, happened to come on Buddha's birthday and everywhere the people make that a holiday. Only a mile away from us there is a temple especially famous for the ceremony of *bathing Buddha* on his birthday, and from every side from far and near the crowds gathered till all the roads were covered with people like ants—all bound for the quaint old temple.

In through the temple gate they go, along a cherry-shaded avenue lined with little booths, gay with fluttering banners, where toys and lunches, eggs and paper, rice cakes and shell-fish can be bought for a song. On one side is a sort of Punch and Judy show, at another booth children are shooting at queer figures with puffed cheeks and staring eyes. On we go, past chattering mothers with babies on their backs, farmers and jinrikisha men, prosperous bankers and business men in their silk kimonos, bright-eyed boys and tired little sisters, each with a littler sister strapped on her shoulders, with its head bobbing or heavy with sleep.

Up the steps we went, up to the dim

temple enclosure. Just in front under a wooden canopy stood the little image that was the cause of all this excitement, the little Shaka or Buddha, only six or eight inches high, a standing figure, of bronze. All around it were little buckets with dippers in them, full of what? Full of *tea*, and the tea was to bathe Buddha in and the dippers were used to pour it over him. On every side they crowded in, boys and girls, young men, old women with whitened hair and bent backs, mothers and bankers and ricksha men! A tiny coin rattling over the heads of the crowd onto the floor beyond, heads bowed for a moment in prayer, a dipper full of tea poured over the tiny image, another poured into one of the little cups and quickly swallowed by the worshipper, and then off they go chattering and laughing, clogs clattering, duty and worship finished—and now for pleasure!

Above on the cherry-clad hillside, up flight after flight of gray stone steps they toil. Here and there are groups of children playing games; here is heard the thrumming of a guitar and the singing of temple girls dressed in bright kimonos—here and there groups of men loll under the trees, drinking saké or wine, leering at the people who pass or growing quarrelsome with the drink. A sound of shouting, and people run to see. Two men have come to blows and one stands wavering, with streams of blood running down his face. Others stagger back and forth, shouting, or lie stupidly sleeping.

No place, this, for women and girls, so we make our way homeward through fields dotted with violets, or yellow with flowering mustard and rape-seed, under dark pines and feathery bamboos, back to our dear school with its bright-faced girls, its Christian hymns and its Easter message of hope and new life—back from the darkness of ignorance and sin, from the incense and candles and chanting of priests, the bowing and prayers and the drunkenness, back to the light of the resurrection story of life and peace.

A Second Prayer-Meeting Hill

You all know about Prayer-Meeting Hill in Ongole, but I don't believe you

have heard about the Prayer-Meeting Hill near Naidapet, one of our Christian villages fifteen miles from Podili. Our first camp while on tour was near here, and one evening at sunset we rode in the ox-cart to this stony hill and there found thirty Christian men and boys gathered for a prayer-meeting on the top. While there our pastor and his brothers told the story of their mother, who used to gather the Christians together on this hill and hold earnest prayer-meetings. They prayed two different times for rain in periods of drought and God heard their prayers. As they were descending the hill they saw a cloud, the size of a man's hand, appear, and they knew then that rain was surely coming. Before they reached home a shower came.

After this when there had been no rain for many months the Sudras (farmers) came to the Naidapet Christians begging them to pray for rain, saying: "Please pray to your God. Our gods will not hear us." — *Mildred Nasmith Witter.*



MARY DOROTHEA ROGERS, TOUNGOO, BURMA,
WITH HER SIAMESE KITTEN

EASTER, MARCH 31, 1918

We have just the Message of the Hour!

Did you see Lucy W. Peabody's beautiful Christmas card entitled, "The Glory of Christmas"? *5,000 copies were sold in less than two weeks!*

Upon our urgent request Mrs. Peabody consented to prepare an Easter message for us. It is wonderfully attractive. Order early, as the edition is limited.

Price: .05 each. .50 per dozen. \$3.50 per hundred.

Order from 450 E. 30th St., Chicago; Ford Bldg., Boston, or from your District Literature Bureau.

DOLLAR DAY! MARCH 20

World Wide Guild. 20,000 Worth While Girls giving
An Extra Dollar Today! Will you be one?
Will you get another? God bless you?

SUGGESTIVE WAYS OF WORKING

EDITED BY MARTHA H. MACLEISH

Our Monthly Chat

March is our testing month, the month that decides whether or not we are to close our year with victory. This year we may thank God and take courage because of the splendid new addition to our organized forces in the Laymen's Continuation Committee. We all feel that when the laymen put their hands to the work, under such splendid leadership as that of Mr. F. W. Ayer and Dr. Haggard, success is assured. This feeling is justified if at the same time no other agencies slacken their efforts. The demands upon the Christian church today are enormous and the full service of every Christian is needed to meet them.

The work to be done by our Society everywhere is to raise the district budgets. The extra amount due to the added cost of Foreign Mission work in war time, together with a sum which was not assigned to the Districts, we expect to receive as our share of the laymen's \$1,000,000 campaign. If each district raises the budget which it assumed last spring, and the laymen's movement is successful, we shall close the year with great rejoicing.

One word as to the results of the joint apportionment. When the district receipts on apportionment for Foreign Missions come to be divided upon the accepted ratio, some districts will find their income from that source larger than it was in the days of separate apportionments, and some will find it less. These inequalities will balance each other when the national adjustment is made, and our 37% of the whole will net the Society what is expected from this source. This, of course, in case the whole foreign mission apportionment is raised. In addition to its apportionment each district assumed an amount to be raised in individual gifts. If the women of each district will now secure the whole amount which they assumed in personal gifts, and will use their utmost

endeavor to see that the entire foreign mission apportionment of each church is raised, they will have done their full duty, and both the foreign mission societies will rejoice in the outcome.

Let us not only work during this crucial month of the year, but also spend much time regularly in prayer, for the guidance of our own officers and workers, and especially for the Laymen's Continuation Committee and its chairman and executive secretary. The strain upon them throughout the month will be intense. We can hold up their hands in prayer.

And now for a quick pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether — and the latter not simply as women but as a denomination which is planning great things for God.

We must have 30,000 new women and girls as active members of our local circles and chapters by March 31. In order to do it each association must reach its own goal. How about yours? If you haven't reached it yet, try to do so this month. The work should be completed by March 25, so that the reports may appear in this year's annual, the blanks for which have to be filled out and returned by that date.

The Worth While Girls will almost surely reach their goal of 10,000 new members. The women must not fail with our 20,000. Indeed 20,000 is far too low an aim for us this year. Let us carry our increase way over and above the goal.

And how about the children? Are the Crusaders' Companies increasing as they should? One enthusiastic leader writes me of her success. She says that since she organized her Sunday school class into a Company of Crusaders, several boys who never would come to Sunday school have joined the company and now come regularly because they like the new stories and work. And moreover the boys are not satisfied with one meeting a month as Crusaders, but want to meet every week. Why not organize every class from 9 to

12 years of age, thus broadening out what the Sunday school is doing for them, and preparing them for Christian citizenship? Remember that every company formed and reported to Miss Noble before March 31st will be a banner company, with special certificate and public recognition. Remember, too, that the Children's World Crusade is not to be a new organization in the church. It is intended to work through the Sunday school, whose interest and effectiveness it will surely strengthen.



Honor Roll of the Districts

FOR 3RD QUARTER, ENDING DEC. 31

ATLANTIC DISTRICT

| | |
|---|--------|
| Pennsylvania | 14.9 % |
| New Jersey | 10.4 % |
| District of Columbia, no report | |
| Delaware, District Treasurer could not obtain information as to apportionments. | |

CENTRAL DISTRICT

| | |
|---------------------|------|
| Illinois | .09% |
| Michigan | .15% |
| Missouri, no report | |

COLUMBIA RIVER DISTRICT

No report

EAST CENTRAL DISTRICT

| | |
|----------------------------------|------|
| Ohio | .14% |
| Indiana, no report | |
| West Virginia, report incomplete | |

NEW ENGLAND DISTRICT

No report

NEW YORK DISTRICT

| | |
|----------|------|
| New York | .07% |
|----------|------|

The reports of the following three districts give only the number of churches which had sent in three-fourths of the year's apportionment by Dec. 31. They do not state the number of churches apportioned in each state, and therefore no per cent can be calculated.

NORTHWEST DISTRICT

| | Churches |
|--------------|----------|
| Minnesota | 24 |
| North Dakota | 5 |
| South Dakota | 7 |
| Wisconsin | 17 |

SOUTH PACIFIC DISTRICT

| | |
|------------------|----|
| Arizona | 11 |
| Nevada | 2 |
| North California | 11 |
| South California | 17 |

WEST CENTRAL DISTRICT

| | |
|----------|----|
| Iowa | 22 |
| Kansas | 24 |
| Nebraska | 19 |

Mrs. Rosina E. Price

"On August 19, 1917, there passed from earth one who, even in these times of stern endeavor and widespread heroism, deserves a place in the ranks of heroes." Mrs. Rosina E. Price was the youngest of twelve children. After the death of her mother, when most of the family had left home the care of a crippled and helpless father came upon her and she was obliged for some years to give up her dream of an education in order to give her time to him. Later, by the strictest economy and persistent effort, she was able to finish her college work and graduated from Ripon College, Wisconsin.

In obedience to God's call she sailed for Burma in 1878. Two years later she married Rev. I. W. Price, a missionary in Burma. Their service was in Bassein, Shwegyin, Moulmein, but their longest and most important work was in Hanzada. The mission developed wonderfully and after two years became self-supporting. Under Mrs. Price's efficient leadership the school grew and thrived. After her husband's death she spent some years in this country with her children.

At the request of the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of the West, Mrs. Price accepted an appointment to Nyaunglebin some years after she had retired from active missionary work, and sailed for Burma in 1910 with her daughter Eva, who was also designated to that station. Troubles caused by a Karen leader who was influencing the Christians against the Mission was the reason for this appointment. Mrs. Price was frail when she left America and it seemed that she might have to return before many months, but her determination and purpose to work among the people she loved enabled her to remain two and a half years. Even this short time was helpful to the Mission. The Karens loved Mrs. Price, and her presence among them "sobered and steadied them and she helped to correct some abuses that had sprung up among them." She had the strength of gentleness, and her wise counsel and happy way of guiding others gave her great power. She returned to America in 1913, and was from then a great sufferer from severe heart trouble. For three years she was lovingly cared for by her daughter Eva. The accompanying poem is the daughter's loving tribute to her mother:

PANSIES

"Pansies are for thoughts," Dear Heart,
Thoughts of glowing hue,
Thoughts of one who toiled and wrought
As few of mortals do.

One who wore the Purple robe
Of queenly dignity,
Above all spite and narrowness
Her soul's nobility!

In her heart, the rich, rare gold
Of love for God and Man
Shone warm and bright as Heaven's light
Throughout the course she ran.

Hours of darkness left their mark,
But all for beauty wrought
Like pansy's purple, black and gold
To fairest blending brought.

"Pansies are for thoughts," Dear Heart,
Thoughts of glowing hue;
Where'er you go, in Heaven or Earth,
Our thoughts will follow you!

✠ THE WORLD WIDE GUILD ✠

CONDUCTED BY ALMA J. NOBLE, 200 BRYANT ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.

That Reminds Me!

Only twenty-three days to "speed up" on everything before this missionary year closes. *March 31!*

Annual Report blanks must be filled out and returned *promptly* to Association and State Secretaries and Directors. Annual Thank Offering for Foreign Missions must be sent not later than March 27, to District Treasurers.

Reading Contest closes March 31, at midnight. Send reports immediately thereafter to me, 200 Bryant Street, Buffalo.

Point Standard closes same time, but report that to your State officers. Returns on both should reach me not later than April 20 to be reported in June MISSIONS.

Mr. Hoover says one reason for having special meatless and wheatless days is that as a great National Family we may all on the same day loyally observe this patriotic requirement of our Government. As I read it I thought, shall the call of Patriotism be stronger than the call of Christ for the World? Why not ask the great National Guild family to observe a "Dollar Day" for World Wide Missions on March 20, and so I wish you would cut out the card below and put it in your mirror as a constant reminder. Cannot each W. W. G. girl give one dollar or many dollars extra, to help on the necessary increase in the budgets of our two Women's Societies? Earn it, save it, go without something you very much want, sacrifice with the same lavish abandon that has characterized our young men in response to the call of country and the world. I trust your honor to make the gift conscientiously because it is for Him who gave His all for us.

*Faithfully Yrs.,
Alma J. Noble.*

Two Good Letters!

Here are a few extracts from two choice letters received this month. Miss Bessie Traber to her W. W. G. secretaries:

"An urgent call has just come from our Schools and Hospitals in the Orient for more money, or they will have to close. In view of this, I feel that the girls of Western New York should be notified. I am sure that there is not a girl in this part of the state who would not gladly give more and work harder if she realized what the situation is. I know you would be horrified, were you to pick up the paper and read, — 'A great chain of Schools in China, Japan, Burma and India are to be closed by the Baptists! Thousands of girls have been turned back into the horror of heathenism, because the American Baptists no longer care.' Girls, this will be true, if we fail to do something extra this year.

"Never has there been such an eagerness for a knowledge of Jesus, as we find now. Hundreds of heathen villages are demanding teachers to train them. Will we turn them to the Mohammedans? The need is so urgent, I wish that you might catch the spirit of the nobility of England. One hundred thousand of them, all women who have never soiled their hands before, have gone on farms and worked from early morning until late at night. Could you not work and go without much in order that your money be turned into human lives?

"What will your Chapter do?"

From a personal letter from Chapter 274, First Church, Pittsfield, Mass.:

"We are trying for the largest number of points in the W. W. G. Point Standard of any chapter in Massachusetts. In January, we had 194 points exclusive of those for copies for MISSIONS. In December every member of our Society had MISSIONS in

her family, but since then we have five new members who have not yet subscribed. The response to our Roll Call is an item from MISSIONS. We came home from Northfield last summer with definite plans for our winter's work and so far we have carried them out. We decided one meeting a month was not enough, so we have had one Study Meeting and at least one Work Meeting. We have pasted several *thousands* of post-cards, made many scrap-books, cut out blocks for quilts, and are just starting pneumonia shirts. We sent a box to Burma in the fall, and helped the Women's Society pack a box for the Indians. We meet in the homes for our work, sometimes in the afternoon and sometimes evening, and once we had supper and made a day of it. Then we have something extra each month besides our meetings. One month we gave 'A Day at Northfield,' another 'Thanksgiving Aim,' etc. We have already raised \$150 and expect to make it \$200 by the end of March. We found we were carrying on our roll the names of many girls who did not come to the meetings, so our Membership Committee sent for the New Pledge Cards with the result that the majority signed them and we now have thirty wideawake members. For our Reading Contest we have a little ladder with five rounds, on which are the names of two Home and two Foreign books and one Inspirational, and the girl's name is hung on the round where she has read one of the books. Thanks to Miss Phila Whipple, we have most of the W. W. G. books in our Missionary Library, so we have no difficulty in securing them."

Budgets, Wise and Otherwise

Again we are living in the anxious month of March and another "Liberty Bond Drive" for Christ's Kingdom is closing. Our National treasurers are counting long columns of receipts and praying that the Budget will be met by March 31st. Some of you are Guild treasurers. Are you busy balancing your books and urging your chapter to send in its fund on time? Never before has the missionary cause faced such great opportunities or such great perils. Your chapter dare not fail to do its bit.

Make your gift total larger than ever before.

Your chapter budget is dependent upon the individual cash budgets of your membership. How many of you keep carefully balanced personal accounts? Try making your own budget for the year on a percentage plan. Your list of expenditures will be a barometer of your interests.

There is another important budget in the life worth while—TIME. Your success in life—your character—is dependent upon your *time* expenditures. Do you remember the old saying, "Lost, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever"? We girls do not always stop to think they are lost. Some may enter them in the profit and loss column and forget. Others do not even count time as valued property, yet time is God's gift. Did you ever just in fun make out a time schedule—so much for sleep, meals, recreation, study, work, and religious activities plus an "unaccounted for" column? Perfect your time budget, practice it and it will surprise you how the minutes multiply and spell accomplishment.

Are you a "too busy" girl, rushing breathlessly from morning until night and then only finishing half the things you wanted to do—even though you omitted the little "prayer time" in your room or study algebra—and your Bible was dusty because you were just "too busy" to stop to read? Try the time budget and discover for yourself the "conservation" secret. Suppose we all try for one month the expense and time budget and compare notes at a W. W. G. Chapter Meeting! Budgets are most interesting when you make them for yourself.

*Helen Crissman -
Field Secretary.*

"The Star in the East"

A little magazine, little in size but *great* in interest, bearing the above title, comes to me every month and I always wish it might fall into the hands of every girl in

New York, and, indeed, of many outside New York state. It is edited by Miss Dorothy Cederholm of Yonkers, in the interests of young women, and is 20 cents a year. I am copying a few Ads and Wants that appeared in the December issue.

PERSONALS

Anyone knowing whereabouts of Miss NEW RECRUIT, last seen at some W. W. G. meeting, kindly communicate with Miss HELEN HUNT, Candidate Sec'y of the W. A. B. F. M. S., Ford Building, Boston, Mass. Wanted in South China.

WANTED — By earnest, hardworking physician, old linen, towels, sheets, table linen, rolled or unrolled, for use in Pickford Memorial Hospital, Kinkwa, China.

WILL GIVE REWARD for information concerning two teachers and two nurses wanted in Burma, for term of service.

BLANKETS

For Congo girls. Send a stamp shower to Mrs. W. A. MONTGOMERY, 144 Dartmouth Street, Rochester, N. Y., to pay for blankets shipped.

Children's World Crusade

Are you preparing for your next C. W. C. meeting? I thought so. Here is a sample of the Honor Point Shield. Outline as many as you need on cardboard and letter them. The boys can cut them out during the work hour. Use Dennison stickers for the record, and let them represent five points each. The Company Shield may be an enlargement of the individual shield.

One Leader writes, "My Company is a happy group, and their enthusiasm is catching. They planned a Christmas surprise for some children in the hospital, and it was a great success. It really made the happiest Christmas of my grown-up life." Another says, "I have decided to have two meetings a month for the Crusaders. They are so enthusiastic that I would do anything to hold their interest." If you haven't a Crusader's Company or Herald Band in your church, YOU get the boys and girls together and start, and I'll quote your letter very soon.

"O I wish you would tell us another

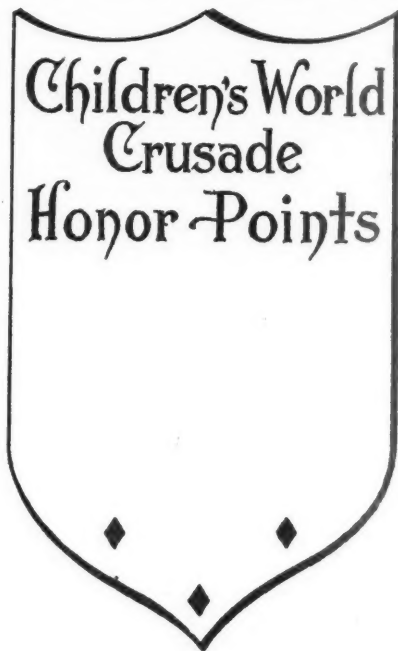
story out of that book (*African Adventurers*) about the two little boys and their sister. We'd lots rather hear it than play our game." That is what one little girl said to her Leader. Did any one say, "It is hard to keep the children interested"? Not this year, with *African Adventurers*, *Sons of Italy*, *Bearers of the Torch*, and the C. W. C. material.

This is the month to flood the mails with applications to join the C. W. C. Midnight of March 31st is the last moment that you can post your application, if you want one of those lovely, special Banner Certificates.

MARY L. NOBLE.

World Wide Guild House Party

Clifton-by-the-Sea, Cal., was a lively and attractive center from Aug. 22-26, for there at the Clifton Club House a bevy of bright and enthusiastic Baptist girls and young women gathered for the W. W. G. house-party. An artistic motto for the house-party, "Christ for every girl and every girl for Christ," was conspicuously placed in the Club House. Thirteen churches were represented by the girls who attended. For the full time there were 50 present. On the opening night,



Wednesday, the leaders organized themselves into an army, with Miss Geneva Brunner as Commander-in-Chief. The afternoons were given to recreation out of doors, and the evenings to play and stunts, with a beach fire Saturday night. For 50 minutes each Miss Patterson taught a class on foreign missions covering the lives and work of the seven foreign missionaries of our District, and Miss Chamberlain conducted the class on our seven home missionaries. Miss Brunner led a class for one half hour each morning on methods for developing a W. W. G. chapter. Each girl was given a book to take notes in these classes, and on Saturday a prize was given to Pauline Mitchell of San Pedro for keeping the best notebook. Thanks to Miss Brunner, the spiritual side of the program was constantly kept before the girls both by the motto and by the meetings arranged. In the mornings at 6.45 there was a prayer-meeting held on the beach, and in the evenings at 9 vesper services in the club-house were led by different members of the house-party. Sunday was the great day and the climax. Every girl who attended the four special meetings that day must have received a new vision of Christ and of the meaning of service to him. First came the sunrise prayer-meeting on the beach, then the church service at the Baptist Church in Redondo, where Mr. Percival preached a special sermon for the W. W. G. In the afternoon Miss Moran of India gave a missionary talk on her work among women and girls in the Telugu Mission. Perhaps the most important meeting of all was held Sunday night, the consecration meeting. The girls were given an opportunity to take a stand for Christ and to tell just what they had gained from these days. Many of them responded, telling of definite spiritual help that had come to them, and we believe that Sunday was a crisis in the lives of some of them. We believe that many of the girls have come to look at the Christian life in a new way and to have a real desire to serve Christ as their Master.

Note.— I am putting this in early, that you may have time enough to plan weeks ahead for just such a Worth While House-party. — A. J. N.



A Heroine from China

This is the heroic girl who carried bombs for the revolutionists from Shanghai to Canton when she was twelve years old. In recognition of her services she was sent here for her education.

Are You Afraid of Snakes?

THE MISSIONARY TAKES THEM IN THE DAY'S WORK

A baby python was captured near us. It was ten feet long, and as large around as a man's arm. Not long since a cobra 7 ft. 9 in. long was found on the verandah at the schoolhouse. The men killed it and got the bounty. A number of snakes of various kinds have been killed on the compound lately, mostly small ones. I found a big scorpion in the kindergarten room a few days ago: it was creeping toward one of the little girls. The Normal Training girls made some good drawings of it.—*Edith Crisenbery*, Nowgong, Assam.

TIDINGS

EDITED BY ALICE T. ANDERSON

A FEAST OF CANDLES

BY LOUELLA P. FORD

HAVE you had a rich, triumphant year? Was mobilization week so replete with the purposes for which it was planned that through the succeeding months your enlisted women stood steadfastly by? Has your membership committee been able to secure for you the one hundred per cent attendance each month? Are your sopranos and altos joining with your tenors and basses in a grand Hallelujah Chorus that your united apportionment has been met? If so, this little plan is not for you. You do not need it. But if you have come up to March,—the month of fate for our missionary organizations,—with anxious hearts and a deadly sense that your apportionment has fallen short, then, dear Woman's Society of such a church, let us hold a FEAST OF CANDLES for our March meeting.

First of all it will be a wartime feast—wheatless, meatless, but not lightless. Prepare bright yellow tickets for sale at a nominal price, and if a skilful hand can limn thereon a lighted candle, so much the better. Our tables will form three sides of a hollow square and all the decorations will be yellow and white with yellow jonquils and at intervals yellow candles in tall glass candlesticks. In the center of the middle table, before the leader, is placed an old-fashioned seven-branched candlestick holding seven unlighted white candles.

When the physical feast is over, the missionary feast begins, the women retaining their seats at the table. The leader takes entire charge of the program and the seven speakers upon whom she calls are prepared upon the subjects assigned.

Leader: Since the time of the third verse of Genesis when God gave light to the world He was creating until now, when mental and spiritual, as well as physical light is tempestuously striven for, there has always been the cry, "Give us more light."

The Tabernacle in the Wilderness, rich and costly though it was with bars of acacia wood overlaid with beaten gold and hung with blue and purple and scarlet tapestries, could not have a dark Holy of Holies. And so, placed near the ark, and opposite the table of shewbread, was the great seven-branched candlestick. Let me read you about it. (Reads Exodus 25:31-40). Just as the mysteries and characteristics of the tabernacle were lighted in the days of Moses and Aaron, so let us today light a seven-branched candlestick, that will throw some light on our own missionary problems among our own missionary women in our own church. The first candle I would light is that of INFORMATION (lighting the first unlighted candle in the seven-branched candlestick before her with a small lighted candle and the others as they are named.—Ps. 18:28.)

The woman responding will stress the necessity of "lightening the darkness" concerning knowledge of missionaries and mission work. She has chosen the compelling things from the New Catalogue of Publications of the W. A. B. H. M. S., and recommends them for reading. She has placed "Women Are the Best Home Makers Surely" at every place as a guest gift. She reads in closing, *The Call to Me*.

Leader: The second candle I would light is that of TRAINING. Col. 3:16.



The woman responding to this must have a clear, rich conception of the value of concentration and specialization; of the developing of one as well as ten talents; of self-training and the training of others for service; of the Children's World Crusade and the World Wide Guild; of our Baptist Training School.

Leader: The third candle I would light is that of **ENTHUSIASM**. Ps. 100 : 2.

The woman responding must paint the happy side of missionary service. We should have a joyful faith. We are allied with the biggest thing in the world.

Leader: The fourth candle I would light is that of **GIVING**. II Cor. 9 : 7.

Choose for this response the largest-hearted woman in the church, the woman who gives conscientiously, joyously, even unto sacrifice. Read *The Redemption of the Ring* in April **MISSIONS**, 1917.

Leader: The fifth candle I would light is that of **TRANSFORMING**. Rom. 12 : 2. The mystery of Christ and the patience of Jesus. What our missionaries have wrought.

Leader: The sixth candle I would light is that of **STEADFASTNESS**. Ex. 30 : 7, 8, "A perpetual incense." Acts 1 : 14; I Cor. 15 : 58; Col. 1 : 23.

Leader: The seventh and last candle I would light is that of **THE GREAT PATTERN**. Ex. 25 : 40. Are we fashioning our lives after the pattern that hath been shown us in the holy places? Do others, watching us, know that we are modeling our spiritual garments after the "seamless robe"? Read tenderly, thoughtfully, *For Such an Hour*, by our own Mrs. Coleman.

Songs: "Let the Lower Lights be Burning"; "Jesus, the Light of the World"; "Lead, kindly Light."

This is a simple outline of what may be made a loving, radiant feast. This golden hour together may bring about among your women what no pageant or formal speake may accomplish. Get hold of their hearts, then bring the heart of God down to human grasp. May they wake up, like Samuel, "before the lamp of God goes out."

From Santa Ana in Central America

Dec. 20, 1917. We have just returned from our country trip and perhaps you will be interested in our experiences.

At one o'clock on Monday we made our departure. The others had mules, but a little pony fell to me to ride. To ride astride is against the customs of the country, so Mrs. Brewer and I had side-saddles. I just wish you could have seen our start, especially me after first mounting. I felt as though I would go off the pony one side or the other, or backward. However I managed to cling on and went with the procession. All the streets in Santa Ana are cobblestone and the country roads are beyond description, full of big stones and deep ruts. A good deal of our ride was up hill and down, the dust thicker and dustier than any dust I ever saw, felt or tasted; but the views looking away on both sides were beautiful high hills and mountains, green with foliage and many of them cultivated to the very top.

Our first afternoon we rode to Chalchuapa. There is no hotel in the place of about 10,000 people and we wondered where we would stop. When we drove up to the mission, which is a rented building, for a new chapel is in process of erection, we saw great palm leaves decorating the front. At the side was a driveway, and in we went into the court where all the donkeys were kept for the night. Two of

the men slept on cots in the chapel and Mr. Keech in his hammock outside. The Brewers had one room and I another off another side of the court. As there were no lights nor conveniences we went to a neighboring house for our meals and to wash. The chapel was filled with people and we had an interesting service.

On Tuesday we started a little after lunch, stopping at an outstation, El Refugio, for a service at three o'clock. They have an adobe building there but it is unfinished; it needs to be plastered and have a floor put in. Here, too, the room was crowded, and the uncleanly and untidy appearance of most of the people showed the lack of education and contact with missionaries. We hurried on after the service, reaching Atiquizaya a little before dark; here again we found no hotel, but stayed in the mission, Mrs. Brewer and I having a small room off the court. We ate on the corridor, or we would call it porch, almost in reach of the great banana trees. My steamer rug has proved invaluable as at neither of these places did we have bedding except tiny pillows. The beds are canvas cots, or wooden frames with cords stretched across and covered with straw mats. At the service we had a crowded room with people standing both inside and at the windows. The men sit on one side and the women on the other. The women all wear their rebosos over the head when in church and most of them cover the face during prayer.

On Wednesday we started about 8.30 and reached Ahuachapan a little after noon. Here we found quite a good hotel and had comfortable beds. The patio of this hotel is very pretty with many pink roses in bloom, also the Cape jasmine, which is so beautiful. An early start was made in order that we might go out of the main road and see the "River of Hot Water." As we started we could see way up on the side of the mountain what seemed to be a volume of steam issuing from the mountainside, from which the hot water comes to the surface in quite a stream, dashing over the rocks in cascades and falls. When in Ahuachapan we had hot baths at the bath house, where the water was piped from the volcano. In this city, of about 12,000 the work was started last

spring. There are fifteen baptized believers and more waiting baptism.

Today has been the hardest we have had, as we came all the way back to Santa Ana. We left at 6.45 and rode till eleven o'clock, when we stopped at Chalchuapa for luncheon, then started again at one, reaching Santa Ana at four. Seven hours in the saddle over these rough roads has made us very tired. It has been a wonderful trip and so helpful in understanding the work. — *Katherine S. Westfall.*

An Announcement

Readers of *Tidings* will be interested in the announcement of the marriage of Mr. Grant Ford, son of Dr. and Mrs. Smith T. Ford, and Miss Jane Maynard, recent editor of this department. The Board is happy in announcing that Mrs. Ford has promised to give to the Society from time to time the fruit of her gifted pen. Mr. and Mrs. Ford are at home in Wausau, Wisconsin.

WAR RELIEF

Have you read the story of "The Antoinette Bed"?

Miss Florence Harrington, El Cristo, Cuba:—With the arrival of many of our soldier boys at San Juan Hill a new field was opened and we have held English services every Sunday afternoon and the pastor has a class in Spanish three nights a week. The boys were very much interested. Twenty are studying in order to take something away from the island that will be useful to them. We are also planning a reading and writing room for their use evenings. There is no work done among these boys and the temptations are dreadful.

Miss Rose Anstey, Scottsbluff, Nebraska:—Most of my Russians have joined the Red Cross and several want to knit for the soldiers just as soon as we can get the yarn.

Miss Maud Skiles, Toledo, Ohio:—How pitiful that some people must pass through trouble before they surrender to Him. In contrast, about a year ago a

mother told me that if her boy ever went inside of a church it would be the greatest miracle that ever happened. He was invited to our young people's meetings and finally came. Last spring he was converted and baptized. He is now in a military training camp, and last week such a splendid letter came from him telling how real and precious Christ is to him and expressing his gratitude that Christ had made it possible for him to know that whether he ever comes back or not it is all right with him.

Miss Grace Newton, Ogden, Utah:—Our women have responded nobly to the calls of the Red Cross but are not neglecting their missionary duties.

Miss Bertha L. Bridgeman, Meriden, Conn.:—The women in their meetings and the girls in the sewing school are sewing for the Red Cross. The Camp Fire Girls are dividing their efforts between missionary and war work. All this keeps us busy and through service we find happiness.

Mrs. Bertha I. Beeman, Toreva, Arizona:—When the Food Conservation call came I asked our people if they wished to help. They took it up gladly, and the next morning before breakfast I heard one of the women grinding. She began at once to save on flour. Several families have reported as many as 18 or 19 wheatless

meals a week. While the Hopis live much on corn, to report so large a saving on wheat has meant sacrifice for them because they do like wheat bread. They are trying to do their part to help win the war.

Miss Marion Paden, Aiken Institute, Chicago:—The Camp Fire Girls and Girl Scouts have spent most of their time learning to knit and making trench candles. The girls have been so fascinated with it that they can scarcely be moved to do anything else. They even tried to knit while playing basket-ball. These organizations have doubled since October.

Miss Carrie A. Brown, Jeruel Baptist Institute, Athens, Ga.:—The domestic science class has never been without its share of young men. One young man who belongs to this year's class is now at Camp Gordon, where he has been assigned to the cooking department. He writes: "The domestic science class is the cause of my having this job as head cook, which has kept me from being transferred to other camps or duties. And I am so thankful for the interest you took in me; I am only sorry I did not have the chance to be in the class longer. The knowledge has meant more to me than you will ever know. Tell all the boys to take cooking, for they do not know where they will be thrown."

MESSAGES FROM MISSIONARIES

A New Church among the Crows

At the close of a series of meetings, Mr. Petzoldt with Mr. Cress, our state superintendent, dedicated our church building at Pryor and organized a church. The former also baptized six grown people on this trip. We walked down to the creek and joined in singing while the six were buried in baptism. Perhaps you would not think that the weird songs of the Crows are very musical, but to one who knows them they are just as impressive as our treasured hymns. Some of us had been members of the Lodge Grass Church, but since our organization here we have a

membership of 34 and some waiting to be baptized.

Our B. Y. P. U. of 14 members, organized in November, is doing nicely, and has charge of the Sunday evening services. This is a great help to me, since we have five services on Sunday. Our junior Society meets on Sunday afternoon and I only wish you could be there to hear them.

Christmas Day was very happy for all. The children were out of school for a week and enjoying the first day of their freedom to the fullest extent. They were so busy riding horseback, coasting and going from place to place that it was a problem to get

them together even for the feast. A committee had been appointed to take charge of the day and the services were carried out as planned. By announcing the games for the evening some were present who would not have come just for a service. Without a word of warning the chairs were arranged and all stayed, perhaps because the feast was to come after the service, and heard a gospel message. Perhaps you have been told that the men sit down and let the women attend to their wants. You would have received another picture if you could have stepped into the chapel during the feast. The men brought the food from the different homes, sliced the bread, cut the pies, carved the beef, and served. Not one bite was taken until the men had finished serving and the blessing was given.

Much is still to be desired in the way of spiritual growth, but it is worth while to help just for what has been accomplished. — *Miss Ruby Pearl Norton, missionary among the Indians, Pryor, Montana.*

From Bayamo in Cuba

In October we began repairing and painting the church in preparation for the convention in March. Soon \$200 was raised. I was one of the commission that raised this fund and it was surprising to meet with so many who sympathize with our Protestant work.

José, our most loyal and faithful church member, told us the following experience: "I had a financial obligation to meet. I planned and devised this and that until the last day. Still I could see no way through. I was desperate. I owed that \$100. Finally I went out into the cane field, fell upon my knees before the Lord and prayed that He would help me. When I came out I met a friend and told him of my need. He gave me \$15 immediately, called his friends, \$20 came, \$20 more and soon I had \$120—more than I needed." He added, "We can do the same if we pray and work." We have done both and our church will soon be finished. Our next step is to be independent.

One day William, who works in a telegraph office, said to me, "Señorita, I used to read my Bible just to be reading; now I read it and think what it says to me."

The result of this meditation is showing in his life. One of his friends said to him: "You are foolish to attend church all the time. You are a young man, why don't you come out and see the world a bit?" He resisted the temptation and now these friends are coming to church and Sunday school. — *Miss Margaret Renshaw.*

Japanese Progress

Work with the Japanese is very encouraging. The Convention has employed a young Japanese to work with us among his people. He has a Sunday-school and kindergarten class when we can find a room for the meetings. At present his classes and our English class are on the street; no room is to be found in overcrowded East San Pedro. But this will soon be changed. Definite decision of the Los Angeles Baptist City Mission Society to expend \$5,000 immediately for a mission and community house has been announced.

The Japanese fishermen are asking for Spanish lessons since an agreement has been made between the United States and Mexico allowing the fishermen on the Pacific coast to fish in Mexican waters. This demands some knowledge of the Spanish language. I am glad that we shall be in a position to help them, and I hope that through this study we will be able to train them in the greater and better knowledge. — *Miss Anna Barkley, missionary at San Pedro, California.*

The Outlook

Truly this world is turned upside down and strange things are ever coming to pass. As I write these lines snow is falling thick and fast in Florida, the house tops are white. It snowed Saturday night also and Sunday morning; when the girls looked out and saw everything white, one cried out: "O look, there is something out there that looks just like meal or sugar!" At once there was a wild scamp-ering to see snow for the first time. Poor dear cold children, how we have felt the cold weather this winter; it has been continuous, something unusual for Florida.

This is our last year in Jacksonville, as the school is to be moved to St. Augustine, where we have a most beautiful site of 400 acres on the Florida East Coast Railroad.

The slogan is "Back to the Farm." We are carrying on the farm work this year with 18 or 20 boys and five or six helpers and directors, and the regular work here with 12 or 14 teachers. We have enrolled 80 girls and 79 boys. Already we have realized the benefits of the farm products.

Judging from what we read and hear concerning the moral effect the war is having upon the young people, I feel that the need for Christian training is greater than ever, that there may not be lost in the stream of humanity the ideals which must be sustained by a great democracy for which the world is now fighting. I am sure that the calm thinkers at the head of our educational work will not lose sight of this important fact. This is the thought that we have in mind in enlarging our borders—building for fifty or one hundred years hence. There is plenty of money in the country and we believe that some of it will still be given for Christian education, as well as for the world's great suffering. Our boys are fighting for a great democracy; the Christian schools are fighting the great monster ignorance. The men and women of a great tomorrow must be made today. Let us fight and support both.—*Miss Sarah A. Blocker, teacher among the Negroes at Florida Baptist Academy, Jacksonville.*

* HERE AND THERE *

Miss Minnie Shepard writes of her work among the Rumanians at Indianapolis: "Now is the opportune time to give them the gospel, for when this great world war is over many will be anxious to go back because they have left wives and children and have not heart whether they are alive or dead. One man, with tears in his eyes, said to me as he looked at our Christmas tree, 'Wish me babies here to see, me not know, maybe dead.' It is a great privilege to work among these people who are so appreciative of what one does, to be a friend to them, to sympathize, to love."

From Miss Fannie I. Allen, general missionary, Seattle: On account of existing conditions the industrial school session has been lengthened to five hours, and the Sunday school to three hours. One might think this would weary the children, but

they ask me to let them come after school on week days. Some of them were hoping that we could have school every day during the Christmas vacation. They are looking forward to and talking about the daily vacation Bible school next summer.

"In one of our Sunshine meetings," writes Mrs. Jane E. Lindsley, missionary among the Negroes at Pine Bluff, Arkansas, "we told the children about the Halifax sufferers. A few days later a boy, scantily clad and without shoes, came to us requesting that we accept a dime that he had earned by carrying wood. 'Send it, he said, 'to them hungry children.'"

Miss Cora Beath, missionary among the Italians and Jews of New York City, writes: "We have sold over 300 pounds of sugar to the poor who have been unable to get it. We are also expecting to sell other groceries at wholesale prices."

From San Francisco, Miss Pauline Whiting, city missionary, writes: "Our day nursery has taken care of 73 children from 53 families, an aggregate of 1,189 children in the past thirteen weeks. Volunteer helpers have had charge of our family, very largely. All of the churches are interested in us, their first day nursery home in California."

Miss Mildred Jones, missionary among the mixed Slavic nationalities, Detroit, says: The news of the defeat of the Italian army in the Alps so roused three of our young men that they said they could not wait for any draft. One of them said he knew if he served in the army of the United States he would serve his own country as well, since both are fighting for liberty. In a letter from a southern camp one of these men wrote about a visit to a neighboring town and added, "But I did not go where so many of the other soldiers went. I went to hear a young minister preach the gospel." We are glad we have been able to send three Christian soldiers into the army.

Miss Berta Uriegas writes from Puebla, Mexico: "The children had studied about fifty different stories from the Bible and memorized one verse in connection with each. They kept a notebook with all the Bible stories, and at the examination each one recited the whole list of verses with references and told one of the stories. During the year three of my girls from day-school, and in the last six months ten of my Amoma girls, have united with the church."



A DAY NURSERY GROUP IN SAN FRANCISCO

Conditions in Mexico

The following is taken from a private letter from Mexico:

"I found all the churches which I visited full to capacity with earnest worshipers, and a strong spiritual atmosphere present in every service. All together I saw 18 baptisms in the services I attended, and a number rise to confess their faith in Jesus. I did not see one dead or listless congregation. It is evident that our work is strong in spite of the discouragements."

The writer found two very differing views about the effect of the new con-

stitution on our work. One official thought the outlook good and that the government will not interfere with our work, or prevent our missionaries from preaching. Another, higher in position, said the Secretary of the Interior will deport every minister not a Mexican, who attempts to officiate as a minister in any way or place.

The Home Mission Society has instructed all its workers to obey the law as obedient citizens. And it is hoped that the present inconvenience will result in the local churches becoming more self-reliant, and after a little experience more efficient. Through trial faith shall triumph.



CLASS OF 1917 IN OUR SCHOOL AT PUEBLA, MEXICO

Miss Anna M. Dingel has completed twenty-five years of service as a missionary among the Germans in Milwaukee. In appreciation of her work she was surprised by her W. W. G. girls, who presented her with twenty-five silver dollars and the same number of carnations. At the Sunday evening service another surprise awaited her. The church had been decorated for the occasion, letters were read, and speeches made, after which she was presented with red and pink roses, twenty-five of each, and a check for \$100. She writes: "Whatever I have been to the church and the people, all honor and glory belong to Christ. Through Him and Him alone I have been able to serve all these years. I dearly love the work and the people."

Mrs. Lillie L. Brown, teacher at Americus, Ga., says: "This term of Americus Institute opened two weeks earlier than usual in order to make special preparation for the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the establishment of the in-

stitution. This celebration was held October 2-5, 1917. It was a success from every point of view for it was largely attended and the friends gave us a 'Birthday Present' of more than \$3,000. Some of our colored friends gave as high as \$100, which is remarkable when we consider the financial ability of the masses of the colored people."

Miss Eva L. McCoy states that one of the most encouraging features of her work in Brooklyn has been the increased attendance of the Italian mothers at the women's meetings. On an average more than 40 women, mostly Sicilian, have been present.

Miss Lillie R. Corwin, missionary among the Indians at Stewart, Nevada, writes of a Christmas trip: "At Genoa we found children barefoot and with almost no clothing. They were so afraid of us that they hid, and when we found them they threw things at us; they were as wild as any Indians I ever saw."

THE OPEN FORUM OF METHODS

BY ESTELLA SUTTON AITCHISON

March Missiograms at the Marconi Station

Missionary Observer (dropping in at the W. A. B. H. M. S. wireless headquarters): Hello, what's all this commotion about?

Operator: O it's just the S. O. S. calls of churches and woman's circles awakening to the fact that they have not met their apportionments this year.

M. O.: Well, well! The month of March and the missionary fiscal year have one thing in common: they either come in roaring and go out bleating, or vice versa. Churches that set their house in order last April and prepared to liquidate a possible deficit before it occurred by preparing for emergencies, pledge-shortages and "over and aboves" necessitated by the missionary H. C. L., faithfully collecting and sending in their money quarterly instead of

condemning the national societies to pot luck at the last minute, are noticeably quiet just now. I judge it's the lions we're hearing from. All right. Break in. Let's get a line on them.

Operator (listening): It's a woman's circle at Narrow Gauge. They say the women have handed over to the church treasurer 40% of the Home Mission apportionment and 37% of the Foreign; and while the church as a whole is going to fall short on its apportionment, they want us to know *their* skirts are clear.

M. O.: Tut! tut! This will never do for a minute. It's rank treason. We've gone in on this United Apportionment Plan "for better, for worse," and we've all got to play fair and share and share alike. Nobody but a professional divorce lawyer working up trade would suggest such hair-splitting. Tell them we're not

posing as Jack Sprat and his wife. They have no right to subdivide the task. Men and women together must get under the whole burden. If the women are better financiers, they must tactfully graft their methods on the church benevolence committee later. (It's a shame the women are yet without representation on so many finance and benevolence committees!) But March is no time for a new evangel. *Get under and heave till the whole apportionment moves off.* "Theirs" and "ours"! Oh, those invidious sex-personal-pronouns anyway! Don't Baptists know they are obsolescent how? Well, who's next?

Operator: This is a church named St Legion. They say that owing to the H. C. L. and the unusual drain of war relief, they haven't the usual amount of money left for benevolences and will have to fall short on their apportionment.

M. O. (springing up in excitement): Now, wouldn't that beat you! "Left for benevolences!" What business had they to subtract war relief funds from missionary benevolences? What sort of Christian patriotism is it that could think of deserting our missionary soldiers on the Home and Foreign firing-lines and leave the greatest work in the world stranded at a time like this? Much use there would be in the new world-democracy if it had a pagan-agnostic-atheistic-free-thought soul in it! (punctuating with his forefinger). You—tell—those—folks—it—isn't—a—matter—of Missionary Benevolences—War Relief=Missionary Retrenchment, but Missionary Benevolences+Sacrificial Giving=War Relief+Increased Missionary Benevolences. We've got enough for both if we are willing to sacrifice till we feel it. Why, the very last thing we could afford to do for this bleeding, suffering, freezing world would be to let the mission fires burn low! Raise the apportionments! Of course we must, and a great, big, over-and-above besides to take care of the increased cost of maintenance, high rates of exchange on money and absolutely necessary increases in missionary salaries. Shades of common sense! Do they suppose missionaries can live on "duty" and "devotion" when eggs are seventy-five cents a dozen and milk fifteen cents a quart? Pass on. What next?

Operator: "S. O. S." "S. O. S." It's coming from Maine and Florida, from Rhode Island and California: "We want to meet our apportionment but don't know how to raise the shortage."

M. O.: That's sense. That shows honor and integrity in the Lord's work. Here (sitting down at the desk and blocking it off as he speaks):

1. Solicit personally on all unpaid pledges—no trusting to pulpit and calendar notices. Have delinquents interviewed face to face by tactful solicitors loaded to the muzzle with emergency facts—plenty of them in all our denominational papers this month. An ounce of facts is worth a ton of argument.

2. Have similar personal appeals made, with discrimination, among those able to make special offerings to take care of the unapportioned part of the national budgets and to meet the extra needs of this unprecedented year. Concreting the appeal, as the W. A. B. H. M. S. has done in its leaflet, "From Alaska to Central America," will carry things home to many people. "Won't you pay \$25 to provide milk for the babies in the day nursery at Ponce, P. R.?" or "\$2 will pay the salary of a missionary nurse in Puebla, Mexico, for a day. Can't you do that?"

3. The observance of Self-Denial Week or Month, especially if the effort is made to rally around the use of a special gift-box (those Home Mission women have a good one in connection with their Conquest Program) or membership in a Special Gift League existent for the month only.

4. Special missionary sermons by the pastor and the use of pointed, pithy, "peppy" facts each Sunday in the church calendar, to create an atmosphere for the solicitation. This is very important.

Operator (interrupting): Excuse me, but there's a host of folk asking for commercial plans for raising their shortages.

M. O.: Well, that's all right if it's the only effective way to appeal to their constituency. If we can't have the *best* methods, we are thankful for the concrete returns from the comparative or even the positive degrees. Budget Teas, Dutch Teas for the Deficit, Missionary Socials with silver offerings, etc., are workable plans; but do remind them to be chary of

food functions this year. Tea, and especially the sugar that goes in it, must be "handled with care." One of the best things I heard of was a benefit sale of war foods at which women contributed a variety of their eggless, sugarless, meatless combinations with the recipes for the same. That was a fine union of missionary benevolence and Hooverizing. H-m-m (looking at the wireless). Seems to me things are quieting down a bit. No more S. O. S.'s?

Operator: No, just one lone message pulsating through the air from "Somewhere in America": "*We have given our only son to his country. We did it willingly but it nearly killed us. That sacrifice seems to include everything else. So we are denying ourselves many of the things we formerly considered necessities in order to make the largest missionary offering of our lives. For it has been borne in on us how futile it will be, in this day of crumbling pseudo-religions, to make the world safe for Democracy and fail to have ready a type of democracy that will be safe for the world.*"

Birthday Prayer Calendar for March

"We pray as much as we desire, and we desire as much as we love."

March 8. — Miss Augusta C. Johnson, city missionary, 469 Hanover St., Milwaukee, Wis.

March 9. — Mrs. Sarah Germany, missionary among the Negroes, 1959 Poydras St., New Orleans, La.; Miss Grace Newton, general missionary, 2530 Monroe Ave., Ogden, Utah.

March 10. — Miss Charlotte French, missionary among the Italians, 424 George St., New Haven, Conn.

March 14. — Miss Ethel Fosdick, missionary among the Italians, 4 Vine St., Batavia, N. Y.

March 18. — Miss Gabriela Jimenez, missionary among the Cubans, Box 145, Guantanamo, Cuba; Miss Carrie Dukes, missionary among the Negroes, 140 N. Henry St., Atlanta, Ga.

March 20. — Miss Martha Troeck, former missionary at Ellis Island, taking post-graduate work, B. M. T. S., 2969 Vernon Ave., Chicago.

March 21. — Miss Augusta H. E. Stewart, missionary among the Slavic population, 333 42d St., Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss Ella Bennett, city missionary, 1061 E. St., Fresno, Cal.; Miss Ruby Norton, missionary among the Crow Indians, Pryor, Mont.

March 23. — Miss Lina Hagstrom, missionary among the Scandinavians, 1402 Adeline St., Oakland, Cal.; Miss Anna Brinkman, missionary among the Germans, 5807 Whittier Ave., N. E., Cleveland, O.

March 26. — Miss May Huston, district secretary of New England, 615 Ford Building, Boston, Mass.; Miss Charlotte Murray, dean of women, Shaw University, Raleigh, N. C.; Miss Janie L.

Lester, teacher among the Negroes, Americus Institute, Americus, Ga.

March 28. — Miss May Covington, missionary among the Spanish-speaking people, Ap. 28, San Salvador, Central America.

March 29. — Miss Hazel C. Myers, city missionary, 1025 E. 11th St., Kansas City, Mo.

April 2. — Senorita Francesca Salas, missionary among the Mexicans, 7a Chopo 258 Altos 10, Mexico City, Federal District, Mexico.

April 5. — Miss Elizabeth Carr, missionary, among the mining population, Box 213, Oak Hill, W. Va.

April 6. — Miss Lydia Hedborg, missionary among the Scandinavians, 405 E. 168th St., New York City, N. Y.

New Literature

FOR SUCH AN HOUR, a timely message by Mrs. George W. Coleman. Free.

THE MADONNA OF THE CURB, prepared especially to be used as souvenirs at missionary meetings. One cent each.

THE ANTOINETTE BED, a leaflet telling about Red Cross work in connection with our New York City Missions. One cent.

OUR FLAG, a patriotic story. One cent each.

THE UPPER BIG HORN, a leaflet containing two letters about the new work among the Crows. Two cents.

NEW STUDY BOOKS FOR 1918-19. Ready June 1st.

THE PATH OF LABOR, a symposium of six chapters.

Chapter I. Introduction by Mrs. Fred S. Bennett.

Chapter II. The City, by Miss Grace Scribner.

Chapter III. The Problem of the Negro in Industry, by Mrs. L. H. Hammond.

Chapter IV. The Mines and Lumber Camps, by Miss Miriam M. Woodberry.

Chapter V. The Problem of the White Laborers in the Mountains, in Cotton Mills and Factories of the South, by Dr. John Calfee and Rev. A. J. McKelway.

Chapter VI. The Responsibility of Christianity and the Church toward those who toil, by Prof. Walter Rauschenbusch.

JACK OF ALL TRADES, for the Juniors, by Miss Margaret T. Applegarth.

Programs for Crusaders

"I just love them, every word, line, color, diagram and all. In the set on 'Sons of Italy' I had forgotten the 'Imperfect Gifts' and 'Perfect Gifts.' I think they are as strong as as anything I ever saw; Guild chapters and women's societies could well use them with profit. I could write on for an hour, enlarging as I should love to do on each wonderful lesson."

— From a letter received at headquarters.

New State Directors

District of Columbia — Mrs. Arthur B. Marsh, Washington; Miss Jessie L. Burrall, Washington (Y. W.).

Wisconsin — Mrs. Frank Long, Milwaukee.

New Associational Directors

New Hampshire, Newport Asso. — Miss Harriet M. Sanders, Claremont.

New York, Seneca Asso. — Mrs. James H. Gilkey, Ithaca.

West Virginia, Union Asso. — Mrs. E. N. Eddy, Fairmont; Goshen Asso. — Mrs. Eppa Snyder, Morgantown.

THE FIVE YEAR PROGRAM

Lay Initiative and the Five Year Program

The Hudson River Association North (New York) has a Five Year Program Committee which is displaying splendid initiative in familiarizing the Association with the forward work of the denomination. The chairman of the Committee is Mr. James Clapham of Albany, and the Secretary Mr. William Carleton Tift of Cohoes. Under their leadership a vigorous campaign is now being carried on.

The Committee lays down its principles in the following paragraph:

"No progress is made without effort. *If you do nothing your days are numbered. Laziness is an abomination.* All of our powers are God-given, and should be developed. *We are saved, not to wear crowns and play upon golden harps, but to serve our day and generation.*"

Its purpose is set forth in these uncompromising terms:

"It has been said that the Hudson River Association North is not making progress; that her victories have been in the past; that she is satisfied with what she has done and has been. Our purpose is to awaken interest by bringing to your attention the need of a real, vital, virile Christianity that ought to grip and hold us to the teachings of Jesus as set forth in the New Testament, and make us alive to our duties and privileges in these days of great opportunities, and go forward to greater conquests in the future. We are not satisfied with the past nor the present, but urge you on to attempt great things for God."

Their plan is "to bring to the attention of the churches the great objectives of our denomination, and to interest the laymen in them so that the pastors will have intelligent helpers and not hangers-on in the work of the Kingdom. To that end we have enlisted some of our foremost leaders, who have consented to present

these matters clearly and forcibly to us so that none of us may plead ignorance."

Mr. Clapham and Mr. Tift have spared no effort to help the churches. The first year of the life of their committee they visited nearly every church in the Association. This year they have just conducted a series of conferences, concerning which Mr. Clapham writes:

"We sent out a letter to each pastor, then sent a four-page folder, and followed it up with another letter. We also did considerable telephoning, and wrote more letters to the pastors of the churches where the meetings were to be held. We were determined that it would not be our fault if they were not supported. We began on Sunday, Dec. 2d.

"The Conferences began on Monday in Athens, and it was a splendid beginning. The pastor had advertised the meetings well, and a good company gathered in the afternoon, Rev. J. E. Norcross conducting the conference. In the evening an inspirational meeting was held, the speakers being Rev. Samuel M. Lindsay, Mr. Norcross and Mr. Benjamin W. Starr.

"It was a busy week, and either Mr. Tift or myself were present at every one of the meetings. We thoroughly enjoyed it, and we feel sure that the committee's efforts were appreciated. In fact we heard many such expressions. After the holidays our committee will hold a meeting to decide as to further activities."

The enthusiasm with which these brethren entered the work could not fail to bring with it the enjoyment of which Mr. Clapham speaks. Similar efforts have been carried through successfully in the Pittsburgh, Pa., Association, in Nebraska, Massachusetts, Vermont and other sections of the country. The Five Year Program is furnishing a method whereby lay initiative and service can be used most effectively.

MISSIONARY PROGRAM TOPICS FOR 1918

APRIL. Making Good Citizens for Tomorrow — Daily Vacation Bible Schools.

MAY. Solving Tomorrow's Problem Today — The Sunday School.

JUNE. More Bibles for More Bible Readers.

APRIL TOPIC—MAKING GOOD CITIZENS FOR TOMORROW

HYMN. SCRIPTURE. Psalm 34 : 1-11. PRAYER. HYMN.

DIALOGUE. Hogan and Hogan on the Daily Vacation Bible School.

(This dialogue can be easily arranged from material given in "Young People," March 2.)

HYMN.

TALK BY LEADER. The Daily Vacation Bible School as a Citizen Builder.

(For material see April MISSIONS and leaflets.)

DISCUSSION. A Daily Vacation Bible School in our Church. If not, Why not?

Note.—Send to American Baptist Publication Society for leaflets, copy of *Young People*, March 2, and *Sunday School Worker*, April. These, with special article to appear in April MISSIONS, will furnish ample material for this program.

MISSIONS' QUESTION BOX

ANSWERS WILL BE FOUND IN THIS ISSUE

1. "I believe that He wants to use"—What?
2. What is the name of the Baptist Governor of Maine?
3. Who are the Missionaries at Bapatla?
4. How many square miles are there in Utah?
5. In how many foreign languages does the Publication Society print tracts?
6. Who was James Chalmers' pastor?
7. What word is not familiar in the Baptist lexicon?
8. "And food instead of guns seems"—What?
9. What does a Japanese convert say we must lay down?
10. Who celebrated her thirteenth birthday?
11. Who was camp pastor at Camp Logan?
12. Why did the Chinese schoolgirls say they had liberty?
13. How many mufflers did the Kemendine girls knit?
14. How did the Christian Indian woman tell when it was Sunday?
15. What is the third of Six Schemes for study?
16. What is little Miss Rogers holding?
17. What W. W. G. Chapter makes its response to roll call an item from MISSIONS?
18. How many candles were lighted in the "Feast of Candles"?
19. "If you do nothing"—What?
20. Where are the men said to be better cooks than the women?



A Syncopated Sermon

Mr. Short Sight: O good morning, Pastor! Just a moment, please. So glad I ran across you. I've only three minutes to catch my train, but that's long enough to lodge a friendly protest. I hear you've got your eye on March Thirty-first and are preparing a sermon that will put our church hard up against its apportionment shortage. Now as chairman of the benevolence committee I just want to say that under these emergent circumstances, no level-headed business man would consider that missionary budget—

Pastor: Right! That's exactly the conclusion I've come to. *The apportionment this year is no just measure either of our ability or our duty.* Missionary house-keeping, like our own, is hard caught in the H. C. L. Why, in the A. B. F. M. S. alone they must have \$213,947 more from churches and individuals than was received a year ago, on account of a decrease in the income from legacies and a great increase in rates of money exchange and the cost of doing missionary work in the old plants. That Million-Dollar-Drive of the laymen is just about absolutely necessary; so I've decided that in addition to meeting our apportionment this year I will ask our people to—

Mr. S. S. (throwing up his hands in protest): No, no! that's the very antipode of what I meant! In view of the drain of war relief, no sane business man would expect our church to do as much as usual. Missions must simply be held in abeyance until we settle.

Pastor: Excuse me for interrupting—your train, you know. In the language of bare facts, how is that possible? How would you set about repudiating our present commitments? How desert our Christian soldiers on the firing-line? How give over to atrophy and disintegration a convert-constituency and missionary plants which Baptist have spent more than a

century in building up? What would become of *your* business under such circumstances?

Mr. S. S.: Well—of course I did not mean just that; but as far as *enlargement* work is concerned—

Pastor: I was only appealing for care of our *present commitments*. But now that you mention it, it will be the cause of everlasting shame and dwarfing of the Baptist denomination relative to sister denominations and the Kingdom if we turn away from open doors *that will not be there at the end of the war*. We ought rather to prepare for a great forward drive—not when the war is over but *now*, because of unique opportunities born of the very circumstances. Why, man, don't you know the spirit of Christ is the greatest unifying influence in the universe? In view of the money, agony and hearts' blood we are now investing in this war, dare we allow to decline the most essential element for the reconstruction of the world?

Mr. S. S. (slowly): I—suppose—that's—so. But how can a conscientious man decide on which side to invest his limited funds? When I balance the needs of France and Belgium against missions—

Pastor: You've no business to pit the one against the other! It isn't "War-relief and Missions." For us of America there is just one clear call to Christian patriotism that a world made safe for Democracy may have ready a religion to revive, rehearten and regenerate it. And, brother [laying his hand affectionately on the other's shoulder], as truly as I speak, there's consecrated, sacrificial money enough for both if we only make our people feel the sympathetic pull of the awful soul-need along with the body-need.

Mr. S. S.: Well, you've opened my eyes, Pastor—there's my train! I must run for it. Just you enlarge this three-

minute sermon and preach it to our folks next Sunday, and I'll guarantee we'll be with you to the last dollar of our apportionment, *plus*.

The Coles Centennial Church

We received an invitation to the laying of the foundation stone of the Coles Centennial Church at Kurnool, South India, and regretted our inability to attend via aeroplane. The ceremony took place at 5 P.M., on Saturday, Nov. 3d, and the program was as follows:

1. TELUGU HYMN.
"O God, our help in Ages past." *Congregation*
2. READING OF SCRIPTURE AND PRAYER.
Rev. John Dussman.
3. ENGLISH HYMN.
"O all ye lands, unite your Joys" *Church Choir.*
4. ADDRESS: The Coles Centennial
MEMORIAL: Its Meaning and Message
Rev. W. A. Stanton, D.D.
5. ENGLISH HYMN.
"All Generations, God of Grace." *Church Choir.*
6. DEPOSIT OF SOUVENIRS.
7. LAYING OF THE FOUNDATION STONE.
Rev. John Newcomb.
8. CHAIRMAN'S REMARKS.
Rev. P. B. Emmet, M.A.
9. TELUGU HYMN.
"Onward, Christian Soldiers." *Congregation.*
10. DOXOLOGY.
11. BENEDICTION.
Rev. John Newcomb.
12. NATIONAL ANTHEM.

The English Hymn No. 5 was composed by Dr. Abraham Coles, and sung by special request of his son, Dr. J. Ackerman Coles.

Missionaries in France

Mr. Harry J. Openshaw, missionary to Yachowfu, West China, since 1893, and Rev. Robert Wellwood, for many years at Ningyuanfu, West China, have sailed for France, where they will do Y. M. C. A. work during part of their furlough. Their broad sympathies and deep understanding give them equipment for this undertaking such as few possess. The sailing of Mr. Openshaw and Mr. Wellwood makes a total of four of our missionaries who are devoting their furloughs to this great work in France. Rev. Ernest Grigg is also with the Y. M. C. A., and Dr. J. Riley Bailey is ministering to the several thousand Nagas behind the lines.

Twice Through the War Zone

A cablegram to the Rooms at Boston announced the safe arrival in Belgian Congo of Rev. and Mrs. A. L. Bain and Rev. and Mrs. Thomas Moody. The Society does not ask its missionaries to return to the field during the war on account of the submarine danger. The courage of the missionaries who brave this danger is doubled in the case of those returning to Africa, for they must go through the war zone twice. Safe arrival in France means only half the danger over, for they embark there again upon the Atlantic. Especially fine is the spirit of these men and women whose devotion to their work cannot be lessened by one or more war zones, but who return to the field to a work so far-reaching that when it is achieved there will be no more wars.

Sunday Evenings in Balasore

An interesting letter from Rev. Harold I. Frost tells of the Sunday evening meetings held in his home for the schoolboys at Balasore, Orissa, India. To these meetings the Hindu boys of the school and neighborhood are invited, but none are compelled to come. It is only during school hours that they are obliged to listen to the Scripture.

"The bell on the High School building peals out," writes Mr. Frost, "and soon I see numerous lights flitting across our broad compound. These lights, which look like fireflies, are carried by 25 or more Hindu boys who live in a bungalow we have rented and turned into a dormitory. Then from downstairs floats up the murmuring sound of youthful voices, and the sweet strains of a beautiful Bengali hymn are heard."

The boys gather in this way every Sunday evening, and either Mr. Frost or one of the Christian masters speaks to them. The program is not at all fixed. Sometimes there is Scripture reading and prayer followed by an evening of singing, for there are few Indian boys who do not love to sing or listen to singing. Sometimes a guest is invited to address them. The boys not only listen attentively but seem eager for more. The readiness of the Hindu boys to come and their enjoyment

of the meetings is gratifying and significant. Who can say what ideals are being formed and purposes fixed? May they bear fruit in Christian lives in the future!

Present Conditions in Chengtu

People in Chengtu have suffered from fighting, fire, flood and pestilence. One would expect them to be utterly crushed by the calamities that are forever overtaking them; yet so inured to suffering are these Chinese that they go on much as before. As one watches the banks of a swollen river cave in and disappear, so have we observed whole groups of people go down and out.

Even under ordinary conditions the economic pressure is so great that multitudes feel they cannot pause in the struggle for their daily food long enough to attend religious services. Our Bible woman goes around to the homes and reads and talks to the women while they are working. It is true today as of yore, and here as elsewhere, that the gospel message is more welcomed by the common people than by the rich and influential. Yet there is a growing interest on the part of the upper classes.

We are surprised and glad that there are as many students in our dormitory as there were last spring. After the fighting of last summer we feared there would be a big slump in the attendance. Political conditions are very unsettled and the country is overrun with robbers, so that the students had great difficulty in getting here. Yet we have our usual number. It is impossible to describe the misery entailed by the political strife constantly going on. The people are weary of it all, and are crying out in vain for a deliverer. Some Chinese author in Chengtu has written a book to prove that the troubles of the last few months are all due to the sins of the people. I believe there is a general feeling of contrition. The inability of the idols to save from calamity has been fully demonstrated. — *J. P. Davies.*

¶ If you find that interest in the midweek meeting seems to be lagging, try putting in a live missionary program made up from Missions. There is no better way to revive the spiritual life of the church.

The Mary Kurtz Memorial Church

The decision of the South India Christians to dedicate their new church as a memorial to Mary Kurtz is a glowing testimony of the regard in which she was held not only by the Telugus among whom she worked for nine years, but by all the natives with whom the missionaries came into contact.

The newly erected church which bears her name was planned very largely by her, and the subscription for its cost was started by her own generous contribution. At a meeting shortly after her death in July, 1912, it was decided that the Telugu part in the church be a memorial to her. But the others who were interested asked that their share, too, be given to that purpose, and the whole structure was dedicated to the memory of the woman who had so loyally served them, and who had died in their service from exhaustion and overwork.

It was largely the silent influence of her sister, Mrs. E. E. Silliman, who was working among the Telugus, that induced Miss Kurtz to become a foreign missionary. After studying at Dickinson Seminary and at Moody Institute, she was appointed by the Woman's Society and designated to Narsaravupet, where her sister and Rev. E. E. Silliman were stationed.

The Telugus have never given so freely to any other cause as toward the erection of this church, and no work has appealed to them as strongly as this. The largest meeting ever held in Narsaravupet gathered at the beginning of work on this building. Opposition, particularly on the part of the Brahmans, has passed away, and the church has grown into favor with many others outside who at first opposed it. Before the roof was finished a meeting composed largely of Brahmans gathered at the church for an extended conference on questions of social and political reform. Later it was engaged again by the Brahmans for a series of literary entertainments by two of the leading poets of the Telugu country.

The church is in a great measure Miss Kurtz' work, and it is fitting that the Telugus should have wished to complete it in her memory.

 ** STATION SNAP-SHOTS **

China

At the University at Chengtu the erection of the Vandeman Memorial College building has been going forward amid difficulties. Simultaneous with the fall in the value of gold came a rise in the cost of all building materials, and in the price of labor. With the heavy summer rains a dam broke and the water in the Chengtu River has been so low that very little lumber has come down. Mr. W. R. Taylor is getting the inside work on the college building finished and also getting two residences up, one for Dr. Rudd, who goes to the Normal School, and one for Dr. Morse, who returns to the Medical School. There will not be money enough at the present rate of exchange to finish either residence, but each will be made habitable.

On the Ungkung church aid committee this year were four laymen and two preachers, besides the missionary. One of the members was a former student in the boys' school in Ungkung and is now a farmer and a pillar in his own home church. Another layman is a merchant whom the Lord has prospered and who remembers the Lord's part in his prosperity. He gave \$1,000 for the purchase of a church building in his home village a year or two ago, and since then he has stood back of the newly organized church in getting a teacher for their school, who also acts as pastor. The finances are assured by another church nearby to procure a further worker for evangelistic work. The merchant will pay the extra cost.

South India

At a revival last fall, 42 converts were baptized in a village near Madira. There had been a small congregation of Christians for several years, but on the death of the elder there was little Christian spirit in the community, for the younger men did not have his faith. Under the guidance of a young native who had studied at the seminary and gone to work among these people, the church life was reorganized and interest reawakened. They now have a teacher, and successful work is going on among the young people.

The cholera epidemic which attacked a group of villages in South India interfered seriously with the school work. Although

no cases occurred on the compound the attendance was small because none of the day pupils could come. The death rate among the Christians was the heaviest of any year. The half-starved population could not resist the disease. The poor crops of last year, the great acreage of cotton and indigo which reduced the grain production, and the war, had put the price of grain up to famine rates. More medicine has been sold and distributed than ever before. People have come for it at all hours, and from great distances, and each sufferer is told of eternal life through Jesus.

Edith May Holston

Edith May Holston, who died Nov. 2, 1917, in Milwaukee, was born in Wauwatosa in 1865. She was a kindergarten teacher in early life, and in that period joined the Second Church of Milwaukee, soon becoming interested in missions. She served as pastor's assistant at the Tabernacle Church for twenty years and was greatly beloved. Her work among the juniors will long bear fruit. She served as state secretary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary State Board of Wisconsin for almost twenty-two years, and during this period of faithful and untiring activity the work greatly expanded and increased. For the last five years she was also State Director for the W. A. B. H. M. S. In her closing days of illness she showed the same unselfish and thoughtful spirit that had marked her life, and her pastor's tribute evidenced the esteem in which she was held by all.

**Foreign Missionary Record****BORN**

To Rev. and Mrs. C. Rutherford of Nellore, South India, a daughter, Caroline Elizabeth, Oct. 21, 1917.

To Rev. and Mrs. H. E. Dudley, of Meiktila, Burma, a son, Noel William, Oct. 29, 1917.

To Rev. and Mrs. F. K. Singiser of Rangoon, Burma, a son, James Andrew, Nov. 3, 1917.

To Rev. and Mrs. A. J. Nasmith, at Shao-hingfu, China, a son, Augustus, Nov. 1, 1917.

To Dr. and Mrs. Henry Ware Newman, at Ungkung, a son, Robert Bradford, Nov. 5, 1917.

Friends are congratulating Mr. and Mrs. Shirley M. Wheeler on the birth of a daughter, Ruth Mitchell, on Jan. 27, 1917.

DIED

Rev. Frank C. Briggs, Inland Sea, Japan, at San Francisco, Jan. 20, 1918.

SAILED

From San Francisco, Jan. 23, 1918, Miss Helen E. Bissell and Miss Lillian Eastman, Burma.

ARRIVED

Rev. and Mrs. A. L. Bain and Rev. and Mrs. Thomas Moody at Boma, Belgian, Congo, Jan. 19, 1918.

MARRIED

Miss Gladys M. Thacker to Mr. Vernet G. Krause, at Balasore, India, November 20, 1917.



A Pen Picture of Mountain View Mission, Oklahoma

BY INDIAN MISSIONARY HOWARD H. CLOUSE

I wish I could send you a large picture of our mission home, but I have never been able to have such a picture made. I will therefore try to give a pen sketch, first giving you an idea of this country as it was twenty-one years ago when we came here. Find on a good map of Oklahoma the town of Chickasha on the Rock Island Railroad, extending from Kansas City to Fort Worth. This was our nearest station, fifty-three miles away. You will notice, just north of this town a river, the Washita. We started from this town, driving on the Indian trail and traveling westward over a wild country, with no houses and no people, until at the end of twenty miles we came to the Government's Indian agency. Here there was a small office building, two log trading posts, a log hotel and many Indian camps. Everywhere were to be seen Indians with long hair and painted faces and in picturesque dress. Still westward we went over thirty-six miles of sand hills and prairies and through deep creeks lined with trees; passing in all this distance only two miserable shacks. If you did not know the trails and which one to follow, you would land about nowhere, and have to stay all night in company with the wolves. At this time there were large cattle pastures and thousands of long-horned Texas cattle, watched over by cowboys, whose home was a dugout. Some of these pastures were sixty miles around and were enclosed by a three-barbed wire fence. Wolves and mountain lions could be seen in the daytime, and as for snakes there was no end to them and one must needs carry a long stick that he might kill them, thus protecting himself and his team, for a rattler will never move out of the way but will show fight. We killed eight around the mission home the first year and some of them in

the cellar. ("The Lord preserveth the simple.") At this time our Indians lived in tents and tepees in camps. No farms, but here and there a small patch of plowed ground poorly worked. The government fed them and their pasture money enabled them to live in a kind of a way.

Over this long distance of fifty-three miles we traveled back and forth for five years, bringing all the things for the mission, and making the trip each month in the big wagon with its white-covered top; sleeping at night in the wagon, or under it. Sometimes the nights were pleasant, sometimes they were stormy with wind, rain, hail or snow. At times we were stopped by high water, for there were no high bridges. Many nights I have camped alone on the desolate moors caring for a sick horse. I said "alone." No, not alone, for the missionary is never alone. Jesus is with him.

That was twenty-one years ago. Now, everything is changed. Let us go back and start once more from Chickasha. The railroad company has extended a line up this valley and the country has been thereby opened to the white people, after the Indians had been allotted. Now the country is covered with homes for whites and Indians. At the agency there are large new offices, also a county seat of 3,000 people, and the Indian camps are gone. Instead the Indians are on their farms in comfortable houses and living much like the white people. All the way to the mission on the railroad there are towns of 600 and 800 inhabitants, good markets and high prices if you wish to purchase, "all on account of the war."

Not many months ago a visitor came to the mission, and as he stepped from the train at Mountain View, exclaimed, "I expected to see one store and a blacksmith shop!" The vision of a trim, neat little town was a great surprise to him. He saw what was nothing less than a gospel transformation

Good News from Watonga

BY MISSIONARY F. L. KING

(From a Letter to Supt. Bruce Kinney)

Once more God has come to the Arapaho people and blessed them in leading souls to Christ and reviving the weak Christian. You know something of our plans for evangelism at Christmas time each year. With the Arapahoes we gather at Left-Hand's place and live in tents for a number of days during the meetings.

A similar meeting was held with the Cheyennes just a week before the meeting with the Arapahoes. Brother Davis and I exchanged work in these two meetings. I went and helped him and then he came and helped me.

From the very first there was an excellent spirit and a deep interest in the word of God as preached by Brother Davis. There was not much demonstration of special interest until the last day of the meetings, New Year's Day, when the Holy Spirit seemed to take charge of the program and all present let him lead. Plans had been made for a Christmas tree and the giving of gifts. The tree had been put in place and the gifts also, but the minds of the people did not seem to be so much on these things. I never have seen Christmas festivities come so near being ruled out by the spirit of evangelism as it was this year. There were unsaved ones there and Christian hearts anxious to see them saved. They had been praying, confessing their sins, turning back to God from lives away from him, and surely the Spirit had known this.

Two days before New Years there was a wedding in the camp. One of our most prominent Christian men married a woman who was not a Christian. We all felt that this woman ought to be a Christian and a special effort was made to lead her to Christ. She led the way for others by coming out and confessing Christ as her Saviour. For a time we thought this would be all that would come. Our older Christian men seemed filled with the power of the Spirit. One by one they stepped to the front and began to exhort the unsaved to come. We missionaries just stood back, for there was little we

could do. The interpreting stopped. But the Holy Spirit was interpreting to the hearts of all of us the meaning of what was going on.

An old gray-haired man came forward and took one of the seats. This fired the hearts of Christians anew. Five in all came confessing Christ. But this number does not express what I believe it to have meant to the Arapahoes. It has been nine years since anything like this has occurred among the Arapahoes. Just nine years ago according to my church book we had an excellent meeting among the people, but ever since then it has been uphill evangelism. I wish I could tell you about this meeting more fully. But I think you can understand when I recall that at some of our Association meetings you have stood by with others of the missionaries and watched the working of the Holy Spirit. Your eyes have been wet with tears of joy as you have seen strong Indian men and women led into the Kingdom. Your heart has been touched as at these meetings you have seen these primitive people in obedience to the Truth rejoice in that same salvation that has saved us. So I say that you can understand what this meeting has meant to these people. Once more we wept for joy together. The hearts of the Arapahoes and their missionary and their Christ are bound by still another bond, and closer than ever before.

I have spoken of there being five converted. Considering the spiritual condition on this field it has seemed strange that there could be one person saved. And I cannot help but feel that there are better things ahead for us on the Arapaho field. One old Arapaho man said, "God has left a place in the hearts of the Arapaho people for the Word of God." I believe the old man is right.

Just as the sun was going down on New Year's day about two hundred Arapahoes gathered on the banks of the North Canadian River, which was just a few rods from the camp. We had announced that any who wanted to be baptized that evening and were ready could be baptized. We had had zero weather for several days, and supposed that possibly the candidates would want to wait until warmer weather. But there was no thought of this on the

part of any. So after breaking the ice and finding a suitable place in the river we baptized these five persons, following out the command of our Lord and Master.



The First Subscription to the Million Dollar Fund

To Rev. Leroy Stephens, Corresponding Secretary of the Education Board of the Pennsylvania Baptist General Convention, belongs the credit of making the first subscription to the "Million Dollar Fund." His check was received at the New York headquarters early Monday morning in a letter addressed to Mr. Ayer, the Chairman. Dr. Stephens also sent some words of good cheer with his contribution. He spoke of having visited more than 500 churches in Pennsylvania, and said:

"This plan to mobilize our resources I trust is a permanent movement. The people respond as a rule in proportion to the consecrated work invested. The Red Cross and other war movements show this. Our people will compare with any others, if we mobilize them."



From Northern California

BY GENERAL MISSIONARY C. W. BRINSTAD

A review of denominational conditions on this field during the past twelve years may be profitable and interesting. In that period a number of churches have been dismissed from our fellowship to constitute the Nevada Convention. Notwithstanding this numerical loss, the churches have increased in the twelve years from 127 to 157; the total membership from 11,488 to 17,020; the value of church property from \$659,860 to \$1,491,806; the offerings to State Missions from \$2,866 to \$12,685, an increase of almost \$10,000; total missionary beneficence from \$11,058 to \$32,064, an increase of \$21,006. Grand money total increase in the twelve year period, \$112,094. The Sunday school enrollment has advanced from 7,756 to 16,114 and the average attendance from 4,916 to 10,806.

While the country districts call loudly for missionary effort, it is impossible not to emphasize the need of aggressive city mis-

sion work. An unanswered question is the following: How to evangelize our great field, and particularly, how to give the gospel to the foreigners who are coming to us in increasing numbers. A recent religious survey shows that we have a population of almost one million, of whom 49,400 are members of evangelical churches. In other words, only one person in twenty on the field of the Northern California Baptist Convention is a member of a Protestant church. The foreigner is everywhere. The city of San Francisco illustrates this problem. It contains 4,000 Swiss, 5,000 Norwegians, 2,000 Finns, 5,000 Japanese, 5,000 Danes, 6,000 Austrians, 7,000 Russians, 9,000 French, 10,000 Swedes, 11,000 Chinese, 30,000 Italians, 35,000 Jews and 49,000 Germans. Among the Italians there are at least 20,000 in one colony. Only two little old-style, inefficient missions are doing any work in their behalf, while the only worker among the 35,000 Jews is a Baptist woman.

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NEWS NOTES

Rev. J. T. Crawford, General Missionary for Kansas, says: We have had the largest returns in additions from missionary labors of any year in our history. The Home Mission Society contributed \$1,500 toward this missionary work, thus sharing in the salaries of 23 of our missionaries. It joined with our Convention in a gift to one of our churches in the erection of a much needed and worthy house of worship. The general feeling among our people is good, and an increased number are eager to go forward.

During the past two years the Bible School enrollment in Japan is reported to have gained 40,000 new pupils. The increase throughout the world is supposed to be about one million every year; the total enrollment is said to be 35,000,000.

President Meserve of Shaw University, Raleigh, N. C., reports prompt response on the part of the teachers and pupils to his request that a systematic canvass be made to relieve suffering in homes of the poor in the vicinity of the school. Food, wood and clothing were distributed to those in great need.

Secretary of the Interior Lane announces the designation for entry under the stock-raising homestead act of approximately 37,000 acres of land in North Dakota. These lands are chiefly valuable for grazing and raising forage crops, and of such character that 640 acres are reasonably required for the support of a family. Many applications have already been filed. Here is opportunity for worthy people to build permanent homes. Particulars may be obtained by addressing the Department of the Interior at Washington, D. C.

Negroes are raising more than a million dollars annually for their educational institutions: today there are 28,000 public schools manned by 30,000 Negro teachers; 170 industrial schools and colleges conducted exclusively by Negroes. In the country at large there are 500 institutions devoted to the training of Negroes, and 750,000 pupils attending schools and colleges.

The Secretary of the United States Treasury would discourage the use of gold coin in making up pay rolls, owing to the loss in value by *abrasion*. Here is a lesson with a moral. Human spirits are more valuable and at the same time more susceptible to *abrasion* than gold coin. Wherefore avoid causes of abrasion in your dealing with others. Love works no ill to his neighbor.

After a visit at Morehouse College, Spelman Seminary, and Jacksonville Academy, Dr. E. M. Lake testifies to the thoroughness of the work done in these schools. He says: "If our good northern people could be transplanted to these southern educational institutions for a time, I feel that there would be a most generous response to this important work."

Labor Evangelist D. L. Schultz has been conducting a series of meetings at East Liverpool, Ohio. The total result of such meetings can never be reported. For known results, 75 young men and women employed in the potteries confessed faith in Christ.

Secretary Lane in his pamphlet on the "Resources of Alaska" calls attention to the fact that Alaska is in the same latitude as Scotland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Finland. Its average climate is as mild as theirs, if not milder. They support 12,000,000 inhabitants. Alaska has twice the tillable land and better average soil than these countries can

boast; can grow to better perfection all they raise, and therefore can better support 24,000,000 Americans than these five countries can support their inhabitants. The mineral resources of Alaska are beyond measure richer than those found in the countries named. It is estimated that the coal deposits of Alaska are more abundant than those of the whole world beside. Through the suggestion of an American missionary, herds of reindeer have been introduced into Alaska that under proper protection will yet satisfy a big demand in the world's market for choice meat. Without the missionary, without mission church and school (the direct fruitage of missionary enterprise and toil) Alaska would continue to be a barren waste. The Christian preacher and teacher and home builder is everywhere the inspiration and fulfilment of genuine and abiding progress.

The following testimony from one of our most discerning camp pastors is reassuring: "The heart of the Army is sound. We have reason to be proud of these boys who are going forth from our homes. The people of — are loud in praise of their demeanor when in the city on leave. Their attendance upon the churches of the city is gratifying and the welcome they receive is beyond criticism."

As a single illustration of the usefulness of the Home Mission Society, note the following: Nebraska has received in the gifts of the denomination through this channel an aggregate of \$109,922. Forty-two churches have been aided by loans to build meeting-houses; for the same purpose 76 churches have been aided by gifts; by loan and gift 45 churches; making a total of 163 churches assisted in building their church homes by the Home Mission Society.

There are still fifteen counties in Montana in which we have no organization. They have a combined area of 47,783 square miles, this being larger than the combined area of Rhode Island, Delaware, Vermont, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey and New Hampshire. This territory is not a desert, but in 1916 had a population of 193,000. It is estimated that 20,000 Baptists in this area hold their membership in churches in the eastern and central states. The greatest task before the Montana Convention now is to place a strong church in the county seat of each of these counties.

Dr. Barnes' Indian Name

HERE IS A PIQUANT LETTER

My dear Dr. Barnes: Here is your name. We do hope that you will like it for it is the best one of all that the Indians discussed. It expresses just what your red brethren think of their "big Captain" from New York:

"Tu swa — Tus um pa."

"Remembered as a winner of hearts."

Things are coming on very well and our Indian Sunday School Superintendent is going to be a nine years' wonder.

My first woman's meeting — well *maybe* so the less said about it the better — *it was* wonderful how I managed to get them at all. I am not at all sure but those women lost what little awe they had for me, for I wholesomely dislike patchwork and, shame upon me, I voted that I *wash the dishes* this first time — just so that I could get out and get my bearings a bit.

Today was the big day. We had a Thanksgiving party at the schoolhouse. We sang, we played, we had drills, flag salute, patriotic songs, told stories and had a prayer service — all in 1½ hours. Then we had dinner. The big girls (my W. W. G. girls "fixed" the table under a big tree (not the Baptist Big Tree) and the missionary and school teacher waited on table. We had a real war dinner. We frowned upon the feast that they wanted; so we ate beans, rice, hominy, cooked raisins and figs, tea (ten gallons!!!) bread without butter, and potatoes. Oh, yes, the women brought pumpkin pies, 14 of them. How was that? We took the occasion to teach the Indians how good the rice and hominy were. There was none left. I cooked two pounds of rice, Mrs. Therry about 2½ pounds of hominy. The deacons brought the beans. Then after all was ready we sang "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Every head was bowed. Then — well, it didn't take long to finish. Then the dogs came forward and had their feast, the W. W. G. girls cleaning up and washing dishes while the women talked! Quite a change from yesteryears when the women or the missionaries did

it. The boys played football and baseball, the kiddies played tag, and the old men and older men talked. Oh, it was *great*. One Indian said, "Mamma, him pretty good time. We do him again?" I said yes.

Our boys and girls are going pine-nut hunting! The deacons go to look after them and drive. (Of course they are wild about it themselves.) I'm to furnish the cup that cheers — plenty of black coffee.

I'm bound I'll get three of our stray "most grewed-up" lambs; boys of 19 and 20. I'll do it if it takes all winter. They'll come to the party, but will have to take the prayers too. Everything here begins and ends with prayer or sacred song, in school and out. What do you think of a teacher who teaches "Praise God" to children as part of music course and the Ten Commandments for Memory Gems?

I'm tired but happy, for our joint Thanksgiving Day ended fine, "and white man and Indian worshiped God together as on the first Thanksgiving Day, 1621." Dr. Barnes, it pays to go the whole way in your work of saving men, including their bodies as well as their souls in the redemptive power of Jesus Christ. Christ is big enough for the whole task, and I'm going to try and help Him in it.

Don't forget your name, now, and remember that your Indians at Auberry are praying for their Big Captain.

DAISY L. TUBMAN.



SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONDUCTED BY DR. AND MRS. JAMES T. MUIR ON THE PLAINS OF WYOMING — NEAR THEIR RANCH. IT IS THEIR OWN PRIVATE ENTERPRISE FOR THE COMMUNITY BENEFIT

CHAPEL CAR AND COLPORTER



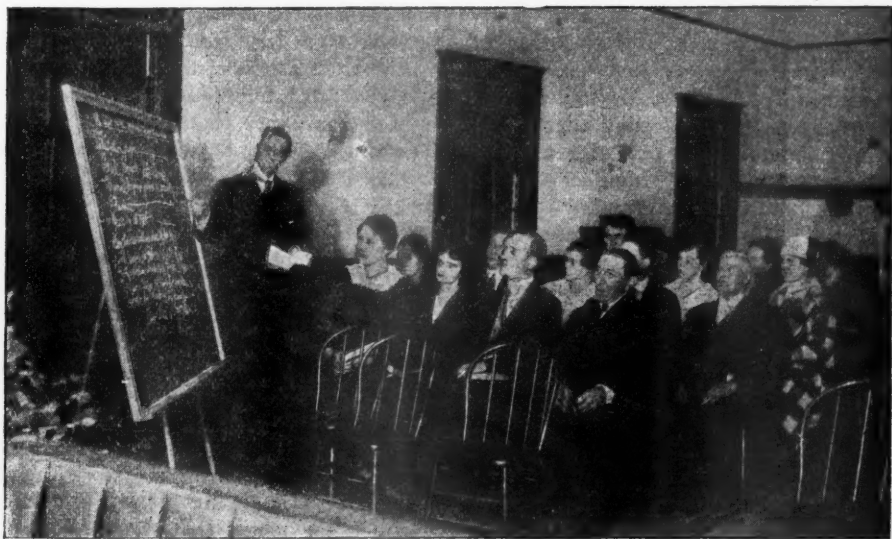
BAPTIST CHURCH AT TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA

The New Church at Torrance, California

The Rev. E. R. Hermiston, of Chapel Car "Grace," has had many remarkable spiritual experiences in southern California. Recently he has had most fruitful work at Santa Monica, Hermosa, San Pedro and Torrance. He says:

"I am sending you a picture of the new

church at Torrance, and a group of the converts in a training class being taught by the pastor, Rev. J. W. Swann. We had a great meeting at Torrance. It seemed to be ready for our kind of work. This is one of the industrial centers near Los Angeles. It is called the Pittsburg of Southern California, as so many new



CONVERTS' TRAINING CLASS AT TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA

factories and mills are coming in. We had 32 come into the new church while we were there, and several more have come in since. There were 10 baptized while we were on the field, and some came in by letter and statement and experience. We had many reconsecrations. This will be a community Baptist Church. They have a neat little building, which, including the lot, cost about \$2,500. It was largely the gift of one man, Mr. M. Hamilton, a Baptist at Pasadena. We also had some fine shop meetings, and one night we had 200 go into the great Billy Sunday services. We stopped at Huntington Beach, and 20 made a public decision for Christ, 8 of whom were baptized. We are now in the great oil country in Kern County, where the harvest is literally white, and the laborers are few.

Norwegian Sunday School Missionary and Colporter for New England

BY REV. L. J. ANDERSON

Upon the unanimous recommendation of the Eastern Norwegian Baptist Conference I was appointed by the American Baptist Publication Society as its Colporter and Sunday School missionary for New England, and began work in December, 1916. Things are different here from what they are in the Middle West, where over a quarter of a century has been spent in the Master's service under Home mission appointment. During the winter I assisted Pastor M. L. Rice in some extra services, also Pastor O. Euget in Brooklyn, besides my regular colportage work; but feeling that something more had to be done I set about securing a gospel tent. Members of our two little churches here, many of my friends in South Dakota and elsewhere, also the Publication Society, responded nobly, and by Aug. 1st the tent made for us in Minneapolis, Minn., arrived in Brooklyn.

The tent work was begun there in a Norwegian neighborhood. These meetings were owned of God and the people, and we gained many friends among other "faiths" who have shown in substantial ways and otherwise their interest.

Children's meetings were held twice a week, sometimes more, and many of them

professed faith. It also gave us access to the homes of the people. Mrs. Anderson assisted me most of the time in these meetings, especially in the children's work and music. Pastor Rice was with us and gave much help for two weeks. Pastor and Mrs. Euget and Miss Ida Knudsen, our Brooklyn missionary, were steadfast and helpful in the work, as were other members. We had about five weeks of blessed work, seed sowing for future reaping. In Dorchester (Boston) we had a couple weeks of tent meetings, but the weather soon began to be too cold for this kind of work. Much good was done, however; many children were instructed in the way of life in our children's meetings and many outsiders came who otherwise do not attend our Baptist services. English was used much of the time as English-speaking people got interested in the services. I expect to erect the tent again in Dorchester next summer as soon as the weather will permit, and look for great things. Much work is needed among our people here in the East.

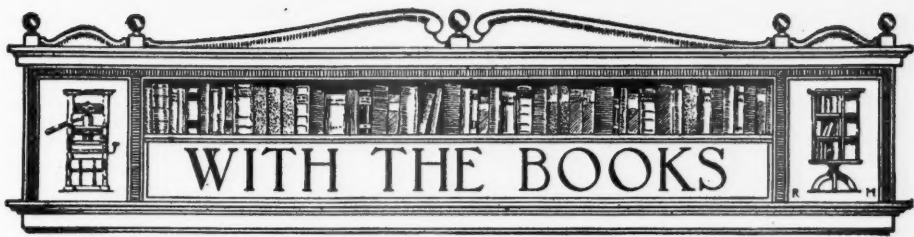
The Value of Tract Distribution

A young woman who was for the first time in the meeting conducted by Rev. W. E. Houghton at Heltonville, Ind., was converted through one of the tracts sent out by the Publication Society. She walked in three miles from her house in the country. Mr. Houghton handed her a little tract as she came into the church. She afterward told him that it was the tract he gave her that prompted her to take Christ as her Saviour. It is ours to sow the seed and God will give the increase.

A Needed Service

Dr. Barbour believes that the service thus rendered by regular and camp chaplains, by pastors and churches and by the Y. M. C. A. is not only a moral and religious necessity, but a military necessity in the highest sense of the term.

Our war commission may well make urgent appeal for choice men and for ample resources to supplement the work that is being done. There may be woeful neglect. There is no danger that the service contemplated will be overdone.



Among the New Books

All's Love Yet All's Law is the title from Browning which Dr. James L. Gordon takes for one of his sermons and for the title of a volume of his sermons (Revell Co., \$1.25). The sermons convey a strong sense of personality, and one who has heard Dr. Gordon can feel his power even in the reading. They are characteristic, epigrammatic, suggestive, pulsing with vigor and purpose. The preacher is not at all likely to say what you expect him to. He never leaves you in doubt, however, as to what he means to say. There is a directness, a thrust, a keenness of statement that keeps you alert. You cannot read these sermons without a quickening of faith and a new consciousness of God's presence.

Pedagogy for Ministers, by Alvah Sabin Hobart of Crozer Seminary, is a condensation of an elective course that has been helpful to students for the ministry. It sets forth the teaching function of the ministry in clear fashion, treating of the pastor as an educator, pedagogy, attention, words as symbols, metaphors and similes, illustration, reasoning, the point of contact, ideals, self-activity, motives, exposition, doctrinal teaching, creeds and liturgies, pedagogy in the management of the church, and evangelistic pedagogy. Dr. Hobart has a way of packing much in little. The book is suggestive, and its careful study could scarcely fail to improve the preacher, who is always a learner if he fills the place he occupies. (Revell Co., \$1.)

Helping the Helpless in Lower New York, by Lucy Seaman Bainbridge, is a city mission and home mission book that ought to have a wide reading. Mrs. Bainbridge knows the conditions of which she writes, and sets forth the truth that is stranger than fiction. If there is any profit

from the publication, it is to go to the Woman's Branch of the New York City Mission. The stories from real life show what can be done by consecrated Christian workers. This is a volume for the missionary library. (Revell Co., \$1, illustrated.)

Paul's Joy in Christ, or Studies in Philippians, by Prof. A. T. Robertson, gives to a wider audience the expository lectures first prepared for the Workers' Conference at Northfield. It is an interpretation designed to be popular in style and purpose, while scholarly in treatment. The personality of the teacher no doubt accounted for much in the effect produced by the spoken lectures. The material for preacher or Bible student is abundant, and the riches of this epistle are made manifest. (Revell Co., \$1.25.)

The Johannine Writings and the Johannine Problem, by Henry C. Vedder, is doubtless the most ambitious work which he has produced, including as it does not only a critical study of the Johannine Writings but also a new translation arranged in modern literary form. One can well believe his statement that it has been a labor of love, extended over many years. The study and translation will be of interest to students of the New Testament, who will of course draw their own conclusions with the same freedom that Professor Vedder draws his, regardless of whether their claims equal his as literary critics. Nothing if not dogmatic, his work is marred by the severity of his strictures on others. After he has quoted approvingly the Italian epigram "Translators are traitors," why should the reader deem this translator an exception? Why should he make the charge that "as for literary form, no translator has had the full courage of his convictions"? In introducing a new version, differing radically in some

important respects, one may be justified in having some doubts of an author who says: "A translator has not performed his full duty, therefore, until he has given the text such literary form as the author himself would choose were he now living and able to supervise the publication of his work." "In a word, of all Satan's masterpieces for hindering the understanding of the word of God by men until now, translations have been chief." To hand over the noble company of translators to the "adversary of souls" for the "inspiration" of their work is not the way to win confidence in a new one; while the assumption that this translator alone of all is a competent editor to arrange John's writings as the author himself would do is considerable assumption even for a twentieth century professor and literary critic. It is not surprising, after this, to be assured that the writer has "solidly established" facts and conclusions which have been and still are controverted points among biblical scholars. If Professor Vedder could drop his cocksureness as to his own infallibility the value of his work would be greatly increased. Despite these characteristic defects the volume is worthy of careful reading. Agreement with its conclusions as to John's selection of the dramatic and poetical form for his great message to men, the significance of the number seven, and so on, is not necessary in order to appreciate the study and the translation. It is easy for literary criticism to employ exegesis. If the setting of the sayings of Jesus in poetic form is right from the standpoint of literature, it makes the distinction between prose and poetry of small meaning, and certainly does not improve the reading quality of the Gospel. Many will probably continue to read the American Revised Version, and even the King James, and to question whether the original John would have accepted the editing of this new version. At the same time we recognize the painstaking care of the translator, and commend the American Baptist Publication Society for the attractive typography. Chapters III, IV and V, by the way, on the characteristics and literary content of the Gospel and Epistles, are meaty for the preacher and Sunday-school teacher.

Would You Dare?

A SUGGESTION ON STEWARDSHIP, FOR USE IN PREPARATION FOR YOUR EVERY MEMBER CANVASS

Has your church ever given any serious study to the principles which should govern a Christian in the use of his money? If not, do as the men of Coffeyville did. (By the way, does not this name suggest to you "There's a reason!")

Under the leadership of Rev. T. J. Hopkins, pastor, the men of the Coffeyville, Kansas, Church faced the whole matter of the Christian and his money at a Round Table on giving by frankly talking over together the following questions:

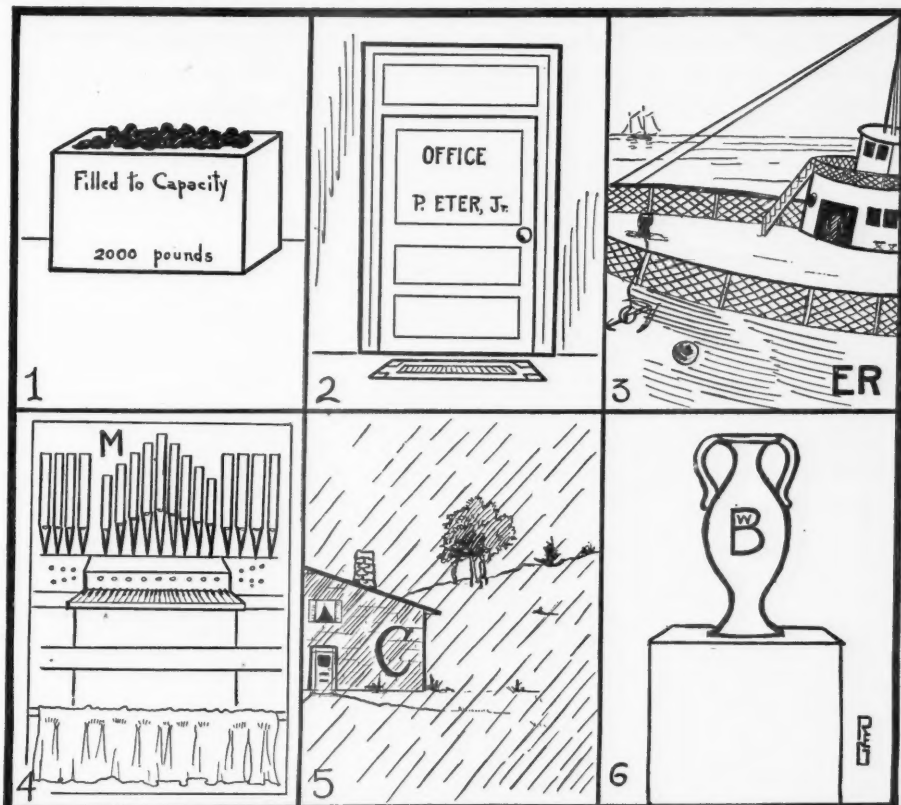
1. Should church members keep books with the Lord and give Him a certain percentage of their holdings?
2. Should a church member aim to increase his giving by adopting and following some definite principle of action?
3. Should a church expect its poor members to give?
4. Is a financial obligation to a church as sacred as a financial obligation to a bank or grocery store?
5. Can one be a good Baptist who has obeyed the command to be baptized, to pray, to search the scriptures, but does not also give?
6. Where there is more than one in a family who are members of the church, should one give for all, or should all give?
7. Has a church member a right to give to current expenses and not to missions, or to missions and not to current expenses?
8. Should a church member give yearly, quarterly, monthly, weekly; or just when special appeals are made, or a notion strikes him?
9. Should churches hurl anathemas at non-contributing members, or adopt and follow a definite program for the development of them?
10. Should churches discipline non-contributing members after painstaking effort to secure their subscriptions has proved unsuccessful?
11. Should church members give more or less in this time of war—in other words, should retrenchment begin with religious work?
12. So far as you have been able to judge, do church members give too little or too much to the church and its great enterprises?

Use the Coffeyville method in preparation for your Every Member Canvass. Get the men together at a simple supper. Ask one of your leading men to preside and then take up the questions one by one, letting the men furnish their own answers.

At the close of the meeting formulate briefly the conclusions you have arrived at and make them the basis of your church action.

MISSIONS' PUZZLE PAGE

By William B. Lippard



NO. 13. BAPTIST PASTORS IN WAR SERVICE

Each of the above pictures represents a Baptist clergyman at present serving the War Commission of the Northern Baptist Convention as camp pastor at one of the army cantonments in the United States. The six names are included in the list published on page 213 of this issue of *MISSIONS*. Can you guess who they are?

WHAT WE OFFER

For a correct set of answers and the best article not exceeding 150 words in length on the subject "The Work of the War Commission of the Northern Baptist Convention," a first prize will be given consisting of a missionary library of five books. For the second best article with a correct set of answers, *MISSIONS* will give a well-known missionary book. For the third and fourth best articles with a correct set of answers *MISSIONS* will give a year's subscription to the magazine. All letters

and articles must be mailed not later than February 26 to be eligible. Address *MISSIONS* Puzzle Page, 700 Ford Building, Boston, Mass.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN FEBRUARY NUMBER

1. Mrs. W. A. Montgomery (M-on-T-gum-re)
2. Secretary J. Y. Aitchison (H-ison)
3. Secretary C. L. White
4. Secretary G. C. Lamson
5. Secretary E. T. Tomlinson
6. Mrs. S. T. Ford

The initials were not included in the pictures except in the third.

JANUARY PRIZE WINNERS

1. Rev. W. A. Sharpe, Eldorado, Kansas.
2. Mrs. Ella C. Eaton, Meredith, N. H.
3. Mrs. J. R. Mathes, Bedford, Indiana.
4. Rev. William Appel, Cleveland, Ohio

Financial Statement of the Societies for the Ten Months Ended January 31, 1918

| Source of Income | Budget for 1917-1918 | Receipts for 10 M-nths | Balance Required by March 31, 1918 | Comparison of Receipts with Those of 1917-18 | Decrease |
|--|-------------------------|---------------------------|--|---|---------------------|
| FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY | | | | | |
| Churches, Young People's Societies and Sunday Schools... | \$487,844.00 | \$231,033.02 | \$256,810.98 | \$220,878.94 | \$10,154.08 |
| Individuals..... | 260,901.00 | 27,961.94 | 232,939.06 | 231,033.02 | 7,426.27 |
| Annuity Account..... | 100,000.00 | 3,088.67 | 68,509.69 | 23,088.67 | 4,649.41 |
| Legacies..... | 100,000.00 | 31,490.31 | 68,509.69 | 23,088.67 | 91,185.92 |
| Income from Investment of Funds..... | 90,000.00 | 96,991.05 | 6,991.05 | 96,991.05 | 5,692.96 |
| Miscellaneous..... | 2,000.00 | 49.50 | 1,950.50 | 49.50 | 5,692.96 |
| Totals..... | \$960,745.00 | \$410,614.49 | \$550,130.51 | \$457,946.59 | \$104,305.15 |
| HOME MISSION SOCIETY | | | | | |
| Churches, Young People's Societies and Sunday Schools... | \$319,700.00 | \$159,109.53 | \$160,590.47 | \$138,123.14 | \$20,968.39 |
| Individuals..... | 141,205.00 | 8,621.16 | 132,583.84 | 9,455.70 | 1,834.54 |
| Legacies and Matured Annuities..... | 146,000.00 | 86,901.20 | 59,098.80 | 86,901.20 | 2,016.88 |
| Income from Investments..... | 114,600.00 | 101,279.75 | 13,320.25 | 87,904.86 | 13,374.89 |
| Miscellaneous..... | 8,000.00 | 7,795.16 | 204.84 | 7,795.16 | 2,054.01 |
| Totals..... | \$729,505.00 | \$363,706.80 | \$365,798.20 | \$330,142.93 | \$36,397.29 |
| PUBLICATION SOCIETY | | | | | |
| Churches, Young People's Societies and Sunday Schools... | \$118,752.00 | \$68,565.25 | \$50,186.75 | \$64,953.66 | \$3,611.59 |
| Individuals..... | 28,709.00 | 15,770.64 | 12,938.36 | 15,770.64 | 2,527.71 |
| Legacies..... | 7,500.00 | 6,844.39 | 655.61 | 6,844.39 | 6,844.39 |
| Income of Funds, Annuity Bonds, Specific Gifts, etc.,... | 92,739.00 | 86,069.66 | 6,669.34 | 86,069.66 | 17,833.15 |
| Totals..... | \$247,700.00 | \$177,249.94 | \$70,450.06 | \$151,488.52 | \$28,289.13 |
| WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY | | | | | |
| Churches, Young People's Societies and Sunday Schools... | \$314,854.00 | \$136,252.80 | \$178,601.20 | \$115,134.73 | \$21,118.07 |
| Individuals..... | 62,000.00 | 20,996.89 | 41,003.11 | 20,996.89 | 6,037.25 |
| Legacies..... | 12,000.00 | 9,290.12 | 2,709.88 | 17,865.45 | 8,575.33 |
| Annuity Account..... | 5,000.00 | 5,000.00 | 5,000.00 | 5,000.00 | 5,000.00 |
| Income of Funds, Specific Gifts, etc.,... | 16,500.00 | 10,299.35 | 6,200.65 | 13,405.94 | 3,106.59 |
| Totals..... | \$410,354.00 | \$176,839.16 | \$233,514.84 | \$161,365.76 | \$27,155.32 |
| WOMAN'S HOME MISSION SOCIETY | | | | | |
| Churches, Young People's Societies and Sunday Schools... | \$208,000.00 | \$94,691.97 | \$113,308.03 | \$107,828.20 | \$13,136.23 |
| Individuals..... | 35,000.00 | 5,921.09 | 29,078.91 | 9,164.87 | 3,243.78 |
| Legacies and Matured Annuities..... | 30,000.00 | 16,636.91 | 13,363.09 | 18,486.44 | 1,849.53 |
| Income from Investments, Specific Gifts, etc.,... | 30,662.00 | 17,859.42 | 12,802.58 | 17,982.92 | 123.50 |
| Totals..... | \$303,662.00 | \$135,109.39 | \$168,552.61 | \$153,462.43 | \$18,353.04 |